



SONGS OF EARLY AND LATER YEARS

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SONGS
OF
EARLY AND LATER YEARS.





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SONGS
OF
EARLY AND LATER YEARS.

BY
MRS. M. J. E. CRAWFORD.



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S O N G S
OF
EARLY AND LATER YEARS.



FATHER TIME AND HIS CHILDREN.

AS Time passed on his ceaseless course,
His children one by one
To greet him came. And first appeared,
With stately step and flowing beard,
His fearless first-born son.

A snowy mantle was round him thrown,
His brow was bare and bold ;
So proud was he that he cared for none ;
He spoke in a hoarse and hurried tone,
And his breath was sharp and cold.

Few were the words that passed between
Old Time and his sullen child.
When the second came with sadder mien,
In his dull cold face no pride was seen,
And he seldom, if ever, smiled.

A coat of glittering mail he wore,
Which rattled with every breeze ;
A crystal staff in his hand he bore,
And tears anon from his eyes would pour,
On his icy cheeks to freeze.

A hurried greeting, a cold farewell,
And Time on his journey passed,
When he heard a sound through the woodland swell,
And the voice of March on his quick ear fell,
Like the rush of a stormy blast.

A merry, merry lad is March,
With his loud and cheerful song ;
A ragged cloak o'er his shoulders cast,
And half unclothed his rugged breast,
And little he cares in his song to rest,
For his lungs are stout and strong.

Rudely he greeted his aged sire,
Though his heart was kind enough ;

And the old man smothered his kindling ire,
And listened a while by a cheerful fire,
While his son struck wildly his tuneless lyre
To numbers wild and rough.

April came next like a laughing child;
And her father's heart was stirred
As she gathered flowers that were sweet and wild,
And o'er them by turns she wept and smiled,
While her happy voice the hours beguiled,
Like the song of a singing-bird.

Yet on he went, for the gentle May
Was waiting his smile to meet;
She scattered blossoms about his way,
And flung wherever he chose to stray,
At early morn or close of day,
Fresh dews to cool his feet.

A happy, happy time he had,
While his lovely child was nigh:
She was never weary and never sad,
And her merry voice made his old heart glad,
As the pleasant hours flew by.

But he might not linger, for blue-eyed June
Advanced with a smiling face;

Her form was light, and a brilliant zone
Of gorgeous hues was round her thrown,
And she flew with a grace which is all her own
 To her father's fond embrace.

She led him away over field and hill,
 With lightsome step and free ;
His bosom with fragrant flowers did fill,
And early fruits ; and her step was still
By field and forest and dancing rill,
And Time for a while had a right good will
 To be as gay as she.

But she passed away with her beauties rare,
 And her sister, bright July,
With fruit-stained lips, and golden hair,
And loosened robe and bosom bare,
Approached her sire with bustling air,
 For the harvest-time was nigh :

And she was a gay, industrious maid,
 With little time to waste ;
But the noon-day rest in the cooling shade
She loved full well ; or by bright cascade
To bathe her limbs ; or in forest glade
 The ripe wild fruits to taste.

The flowers which June had kindly nursed
 She scattered in proud disdain ;
•

But a merry laugh from her red lips burst
When the bright scythes swung, and she bound the
first

Ripe sheaves of the yellow grain.

Old Time loved dearly his bright-eyed child,
Though rest she gave him not,
He must follow her steps wherever she toiled,
Till his sluggish veins with fever boiled,
For the sun was fierce and hot.

But the merry harvest-time was gone,
And Time, with weary sigh
And listless step, moved slowly on,
While August came o'er the dew-gemmed lawn
With half-shut, drowsy eye.

With languid step did August come
And look of weariness ;
Her voice was soft as the wild bee's hum,
And thin, as if woven in spider's loom,
Was her light, unbelted dress.

Some flowers of bright and varied hue
Among her hair she wove,
Scarlet, and yellow, and brilliant blue,
And often she bathed them in pearly dew,
In meadow, field, and grove.

But the bright flowers drooped on her sultry brow,
And her sunny face grew wan,
For she heard a voice that whispered low
And soft, as the streamlet's gentle flow,
"Your flowers must die in their summer glow,
For September is coming on."

She passed, and her sunburnt brother sprung
To his father's side with glee ;
His clear, shrill voice through the valleys rung,
And the notes that fell from his silvery tongue
Were gladly welcomed by old and young,
For a cheerful youth was he.

A heavy load did September bear,
Though his step was firm and light ;
The purple plum, the yellow pear,
The ripe, red peach with its fragrance rare ;
And he scattered his treasures here and there
Like the gifts of a fairy sprite.

No wonder if Father Time should prize
His generous-hearted boy ;
But Time (as the proverb hath it) flies,
And with hurried step he passed, and sighs
Like mortals heave when a bright hope dies,
Or they miss some promised joy.

Next came October, richly clad
In robes of gorgeous dye;
A regal crown adorned his head
Of purple grapes; and round him spread
Were the ripened fruits the trees had shed,
For the vintage-time was nigh.

He looked about as if to see
What work was left to do;
He chased away the humming bee,
And the summer bird, and merrily
Shook down the ripe nuts from the tree,
Nor seemed his work to rue.

But yet his work was hardly done,
When November cried in wrath,
"You wear a robe, you have need of none;
I have shivered for years for lack of one,
As, year by year, my course I've run
Along this dreary path."

He was indeed a shivering wight,
Nor robe, nor cloak he wore,
He grasped October's mantle bright,
Tore it apart with ruthless might,
And scattered it in sport or spite
His father's face before.

The squirrel he chased to its winter rest
 Within the hollow tree,
And the serpent crawled to his earthy nest,
For the wind blew cold from the bleak north-west,
 And averse to cold is he.

And Time went on with a quicker pace,
 But a frown upon his brow ;
Oh, how could he wear a smiling face,
When a bloomless world was his dwelling-place,
For he sought in vain to find a trace
 Of his favorite beauties now.

December met him with noisy shout,
 Like a school-boy's heedless mirth,
And he rung his merry welcome out :
" I am glad to find you so hale and stout ;
But what, old man, have you been about
 As you journeyed around the earth ? "

Said Time : " I have seen my children all,
 From the eldest down to thee ;
I have seen flowers bloom at the gentle call
Of one, by another's breath to fall,
And the bridal robe, and the mourning pall
 Are neither new to me.

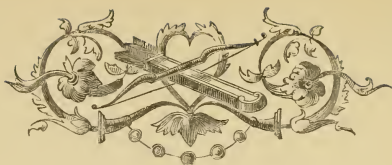
The youngest one of all art thou :
 A jolly boy thou art ;
 But thy eldest brother's stormy brow
 Is thine, and his robe of frost and snow.
 I would call you twins if it were not so,
 That you 're numbered so far apart."

December laughed, and his white locks shook
 As he rushed to his brother's side ;
 The stern one little sport could brook,
 But him by the hand he kindly took,
 And his chilly face wore a gentler look
 As December hoarsely cried :

" We are much alike, our father said,
 In truth, I believe it too,
 For the selfsame covering decks our bed,
 So here on your breast I'll lean my head,
 And we will be brothers linked and wed
 In bonds of friendship true."

And so his frigid form he flung
 On his brother's icy breast,
 And a wild and fitful song he sung,
 Whose echoes from hill and valley rung
 As he sank to his quiet rest.





THE SPIRIT-VOICE.

THERE is a low voice ever whispering
Something, to which my spirit still must
hearken ;

When sadness o'er me throws her gloomy wing,
And youth's bright visions round me fade and
darken ;

Softly it says, "Thy hopes of happiness
Were based on earth, 'tis therefore that they
perish ;

But, lo ! there is a hope of perfect bliss —
This hope alone 't is right for thee to cherish."

When with the gay in scenes of mirthfulness
I've joined, I've heard that voice, half stifled,
sighing :

"What consolation wilt thou draw from this,
What calm delight, what peace when thou art
dying ?"

And sudden tears have risen to my eyes,
And sadly from my lips the smile has faded,
And some, perchance, have heard a low-breathed sigh,
And wondered what my happiness had shaded.

And oft when sleep my weary eyes has fled,
And stars from their far azure thrones are smiling,
And sweet thoughts of the absent and the dead
Come o'er my heart its weariness beguiling ;
With sweet and tender force that voice recalls
The last fond wish, of one long since departed,
The dearest wish that heart could offer, all
The happiness which waits the lowly-hearted.

Where'er I am, those soft, low tones I hear,
For ever to my saddened spirit telling :
"Thou canst not rest till thou hast cast thy care
On Him who hath in humble hearts a dwelling."
This is the Spirit-Voice, this thought alone
Has power to turn each earth-born joy to sadness ;
And till the soul its gentle teachings own,
It ever lacks the one pure fount of gladness.





A SUNSET THOUGHT OF HEAVEN.

IF brighter than that gorgeous cloud,
The golden gates of Heaven shine,
Scarce could I shrink from Death's pale shroud,
Or dread his cold lips pressed to mine,
So I might soar away, to see
The home of rest prepared for me.

Far sweeter than the richest notes
On earth to cheer our spirits given,
Must be the ceaseless hymn which floats
From angels' golden harps in heaven;
And who would wish to linger long
From that blest land of holy song?

Far stronger than the dearest ties
Which hold our yearning hearts below,
Is that pure love which bids us rise,
The perfect will of God to know;
And can the soul contented rest
Away from him who loves us best?



THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

OFTEN and often through the day,
A little one murmurs, "I need to pray ;"
And folding his hands by his mother's knee,
With reverent look, says, "*You talk me,*"
For though he knows of a "need" to pray,
He cannot remember what to say.
The mother teaches her childhood's prayer
To the little one kneeling so meekly there,
And prays in her heart that his feet may be
Kept from the paths of iniquity ;
That, if spared to tread this world's rough way,
He may not forget his need to pray.

THE SPRING-TIME.

HOW time wears on ! the spring is here
With gentle winds and rainbow showers,
The genius of the early year
Moves gaily through earth's faded bowers,

And where she breathes or treads, appear
Unfolding leaves and budding flowers.

The vine puts forth the tender leaf,
The hyacinth its fragrant bells,
And flowers whose life is bright as brief,
Look up from sunny banks and dells ;
The wind-flower's fragile buds unfold,
The violet from the moss peeps up,
While 'mongst the grass, like drops of gold,
Gleams out the shining buttercup.

How beautiful the spring-time is ?
No shadow on earth's beauty lies ;
But, ah ! how few the hearts which miss,
No smiling lips, no loving eyes
Whose presence was a source of bliss,
When last spring sunshine lit the skies !

We do not miss a single bird
Which gladdened us with music then,
Their joyous caroling is heard
In orchard, woodland, grove and glen ;
But voices breathing gentle words
We miss, and may not hear again.

Young buds may burst, and wild-birds sing,
The world look beautiful and gay ;
But some who gladly hailed the spring
A year ago, have passed away ;

Some in the rosy summer-tide,
And some when autumn-leaves were bright,
No matter how, or when, they died,
We miss them now; when falls the light
And glory of the opening year
Upon our way — they are not here!

THE CHILD'S LAST SMILE.

WHY smiled the babe in its dying hour?
It had not smiled in many weeks;
It had faded away like a blighted flower,
The pallor of death was upon its cheeks;
Its eyes were glazing, and yet it smiled;
And sweet was the look of the dying child.

Why did it smile? It had suffered much,
Weak was its frame, and its anguish strong;
Did it smile a welcome to death's cold touch,
Knowing its sorrow should cease ere long?
Nay! for that gentle child knew not
That pain and death are the "common lot."

But 't was not death that the infant felt,
When the smile stole over its pale, sweet face,
For an angel's hand the stroke had dealt;
The babe was clasped in his bright embrace,
And the smile was the shadow of glory cast
On the faded clay, as the spirit pass'd.



OH, NAME HER NOT!

OH! name her not in tones as light
As those in which we used to speak
When her young hopes, and ours, were bright;
It may be foolish, may be weak,
But yet I cannot bear to hear
So lightly breathed, a name so dear.

Yet speak of her, but let your words
Fall softly as the nightly dews
On trembling rose-leaves, zephyr-stirred;
Soft winds and dewdrops cannot bruise
The frailest leaf, but dancing showers
Fall heavily on tender flowers.

And thus that name, breathed carelessly,
Fresh anguish in my heart awakes,
The heart which keepeth lovingly
Her memory, which never breaks
The silence gathering, like a spell,
Around the name it loves so well.

Without a fluttering throb, a sigh,
 A quivering pulse, a sinking breath,
 So deep hath been my sympathy
 With her who sleeps the sleep of death.
 The sound of her belovéd name
 Thrills sadly through my heart and frame.

THE GATHERED ROSE.

"She died in beauty like the rose blown from its parent stem."

SHALL we weep for the blossom which passed
 away,
 While the early dew on its young leaves lay?
 Can we wish it had bided a longer time,
 Away from the light of its native clime?
 Can we mourn in the depths of our selfish love,
 That angels have borne it to bloom above?

Fair was the blossom, and pure and meek,
 'Tis ever such that the angels seek;
 When they come to cull from this world of ours,
 Flowers to transplant into Eden's bowers;
 They saw our rose in its beauty here,
 And bore it up to their own bright sphere.

We have wept for the lovely thing,
Snatched from our sight in life's early spring ;
We have mourned as fond hearts will mourn,
When a precious thing from their clasp is torn ;
When the light that smiled on their path for years,
Is suddenly quenched in a tide of tears.

Wild was our grief, but the storm is hushed,
And tears which once like a torrent gushed,
Fall gently now like the summer dew,
And Hope's sweet sunshine is smiling through ;
The rose was plucked by a gentle hand,
And it lives and blooms in a brighter land.





THOUGHTS OF AGE.

"Age is dark and unlovely." — OSSIAN.

SHALL old age come upon me? Shall my eye
Grow dim? and weak and tremulous my hand?
Shall the glad music of my spirit die
Before I pass into the spirit-land?
Shall I grow weary of my home below,
And be forever longing to depart?
And shall the lines which deepen on my brow
Be but the shadows from a withered heart?
Shall I forget the songs I love to sing,
Nor heed the beauties of this lovely world?
Shall every bright, and every pleasant thing,
Grow charmless when the wing of youth is furled?

It may be so — I cannot know my lot;
It may be age and weariness and care;
But, oh! I trust that memory may not
— Prove traitor to her trust, for she doth bear

The golden key, which only can undo

The treasure-house of thought; if that be lost,
Old age indeed is desolate, and few

The joys by which its weary way is cross'd;
And there are memories I would retain,

Even when the hand of Time has marked my face,
And scenes which I in thought would view again,

When far removed may be my dwelling-place.
And I would tune even till my latest breath

The harp whose trembling tones a few may love,
Then calmly yield it to the hand of death,
And claim it tuned to purer notes above.

But why thus muse upon the time to come?

Why dream of drooping age, with furrowed brow?

May not the young flower wither in its bloom,

The seeds of death be planted even now?

Who knoweth if this frail frame may withstand

The chilling blights and storms of many years;

And may not rather to death's kindly hand

Give up its harp unrusted yet by tears?

If this my fate, one only prayer be mine:

If life's young blossom wither ere its noon,

Be mine the holy trust and love divine,

Which maketh early death a blesséd boon!





TO MY FRIENDS.

YOU must not praise the songs I sing,
And call them mine. You do not praise
The wind-harp when its quivering string,
Swept by the wandering zephyr's wing,
Makes music sweeter than my lays.

All praise to Him who framed my heart
To utter music, not its own.
I but perform the lowly part
The harp does, when it gives the tone
He wills, whose fingers touch the strings.
My will is strong in other things ;
But from my heart these songs gush up
Like odor from the blossom's cup.





THE SUMMER WIND.

WIND of the summer, whence dost thou come?
Whence is the sweetness that burdens thy wings?
Song of the wild-bird, and bee's happy hum,
Where hast thou gathered these beautiful things?

“I had my birth in a bower of the south,
Waking to life in a bright orange-tree;
Lightly I danced in the freshness of youth,
Sported alike with bird, blossom, and bee;
Gayly I roamed through those beautiful bowers,
Pleasantly sang as I wandered along;
The incense I bear is the gift of the flowers,
For the praises I offered to each in my song.

“I told the Clematis in whisperings low,
That she was the fairest and purest of earth,
And the beautiful vestal was flattered, I know,
Though she told me that she was of heavenly birth.
I sang to the red rose a passionate strain
Of love, while I tenderly pressed her fresh lip,

And brushed from her presence, with seeming disdain,
The bee that had come of her sweetness to sip.

“ Her pale peerless sister with reverent air
I kissed, while I called her my own gentle bride,
Rested awhile in her bosom so fair,
Then to the lily I merrily hied.
Her for her love I most earnestly sued,
Her did I win with my tenderest sigh.
Flower after flower thus lightly I’ve wooed,
Flattered awhile, and then left them to die.

“ I’ve played with the shadowy vapors that rise,
Wreathing the tops of the verdant old hills —
Flung over the lake’s quiet bosom my sighs,
Chanted in concert with fountains and rills.
Beauty’s warm cheek I have carelessly kissed,
Tossed her light curls in my frolicsome play,
And caught her light tones as she laughingly wished
That the soft summer breezes forever would stay.

“ Into an invalid’s chamber I stole,
Bearing the fragrance of numberless flowers ;
And won from its sadness the pain-shadowed soul,
And left the heart dreaming of happier hours.
Through the dim grates of a prison I passed,
Whispered the captive of kindred and home —

Oh! how he longed from his cramped limbs to cast
The fetters, and free as the summer wind roam.
Round his pale forehead I soothingly swept,
Waking sweet memories, sparkling through tears;
Till calmly and sweetly the weary one slept,
And wandered in dreams to the joys of past years.

“ On my light pinions I ’ve heavenward borne
Sweet aspirations of innocent hearts;
Prayers of sad spirits that inwardly mourn,
Pierced by Adversity’s slow-killing darts.
Voice of the dying, and mourner’s low dirge,
Childhood’s gay laughter, and youth’s happy mirth,
Music of streams, and the ocean’s wild surge,
All have been mine as I rambled o’er earth.
Mortal! I ’ve answered thy questionings all,
Whither I go may be harder to tell;
But I know I shall pass, ere the summer leaves fall,
In some land, where the flowers never wither, to
dwell.”





MALINA.

WE laid her gently on her bed,
Her small hands folded on her breast,
And spoke in whispers, as afraid
That we might break her peaceful rest :
So lifelike seemed her sleep—the hue
Of life indeed had passed away ;
But half unveiled, her eyes' soft blue
Beneath the drooping lashes lay.

A smile's sweet shadow dimpled yet
Her lip and cheek, though cold as snow ;
As when the sun, in glory set,
Leaves on the sky his golden glow.
We smoothed the curls of sunny hair,
That fell around her pale young face ;
And never saw I aught so fair
Whereon death's hand had left its trace.

Death sometimes comes in gentle form —
He wore an angel's beauty there ;

While flowed life's current fast and warm,
 The child had seemed less sweetly fair
 Than when beneath the shroud's pale fold
 She lay in slumber calm and cold.

THE FIRST KISS.

NAY, ask me not — how could I bring
 My lips to rest on manhood's brow?
 A maiden may not lightly fling
 Her timid nature off — and thou,
 Caressed as thou art wont to be,
 What were a kiss of mine to thee?

“And thou wouldst think that I had pressed
 Another cheek as soon as thine;
 Should I allow my lips to rest
 (Even lightly as on hallowed shrine
 The trembling lips of devotee)
 On thine, as pledge of love to thee?”

But then some words of gentle sound
 Were whispered to the maiden's heart;
 She could not bear his love to wound,—
 The hour had come when they must part;
 And she was young, and fond, and true,—
 What could the gentle maiden do?

The spell is broken — she has laid
Her trembling lips against his cheek ;
On hers there is a deeper shade
Of crimson ; but she does not speak.
Her heart is hushed, her voice is still,
’Tis given half against her will !

A CHILD’S THOUGHTS.

MOTHER! you say there is no more night
In that far land where the angels dwell ;
Are they never weary of so much light ?
I love the day-time and sunshine well,
But gladly I welcome the evening hour,
When the cool dew falls on the closing flower.

“Then I can rest from my long day’s play.
It is not so when the sunshine falls
Warm and bright, as it does to-day,
Through the windows, and over the walls.
My eyes grow tired of the dazzling glare ;
But I cannot sleep — will it be so there ?”

“Nay! thou wilt never grow weary, child,
Of the holy light of that happy clime;
Though the sun hath never so brightly smiled
On us in the beautiful summer-time
As doth the light of ‘Our Father’s’ face,
Which filleth with glory that blessed place.

“Thou wilt wish for the hush of night no more,
Nor long to slumber as thou dost now;
Weariness comes not to that fair shore,
Beauty and health never leave the brow,
But fair and pure, as the flowers we love,
Are all who dwell in that home above.”

“But, mother! you know that the blossoms die,
Some in the midst of the summer hours,
And some when frosts on the valleys lie.
You told me once, that as died the flowers
We all must die; but it seems to me
That last year’s flowers were the same I see.

“Is it so, dear mother? And if it be,
Will the dead come back as the blossoms do?”
“Nay, listen, my child. Each plant and tree
Has blossoms alike in form and hue
To those which it last year bore and shed:
They differ thus from the human dead.

“*They* come not back — they shall rise again
In fairer forms than on earth they wore,
And, free from fear of decay or pain,
Shall live in heaven for evermore.
We seem to pass like the flowers ; but we
Only put off our mortality,
To claim it again when it shall be made
Holy, immortal, no more to fade !”

SUMMER TWILIGHT.

O H, how I love to steal away
And spend an hour in silent musing !
Just when the rosy smile of day
In twilight shades its light is losing.
For then a pure and holy spell
On every earthly scene seems dwelling ;
And from each woody hill and dell
Soft, faint-toned melodies are swelling.
They are not like the gay, glad songs
Through field and forest daily ringing ;
But pensively they float along,
Like wearied ones sweet vespers singing.
And stars come stealing gently forth,
In dewy brightness calmly beaming ;
And dew-drops thicken o'er the earth
Like pearls among the dark leaves gleaming.

At such an hour my spirit turns
 Away from scenes of mirth and pleasure;
For in its secret depths it yearns
 For purer joys and richer treasure.
The twilight hour! the silent prayer
 Of thousands at this hour ascending,
Like incense on the dewy air,
 With angel songs is sweetly blending.
The twilight hour! how mild and calm
 It woos the soul to meek devotion,
And sheds around a soothing balm
 Which stills each day-born, wild emotion.

HEREAFTER.

John xiii. 7.

WHEN mists are darkening 'round our way,
 And clouds hang threatening overhead;
When from our hearts has died the ray
 Of light which earthly comforts shed;
When all without is dark and drear,
And all within is gloom and fear;

How sweet the pitying voice which saith
 In peaceful whispers to the soul:

“Doubt not, oh! thou of little faith,
These things are all in my control,
If what I do thou knowest not here,
Hereafter I will make it clear.”

How sweet to know that every ill,
Which seems so grievous now to bear,
Obeys the mandate of His will
Who kindly makes our life his care;
That though mysterious and severe,
“Hereafter” he will make it clear!

What comfort to the stricken heart
The dear Redeemer’s words convey!
Though now we only “know in part,”
His hand will take the veil away,
And, knowing, “even as we are known,”
We soon shall stand before his throne.

LOIS.

MY heart has floral emblems for the fair
And lovely of earth’s children; thine shall be
That rose whose bursting is so beautiful,
We almost wish it might not quite unfold;
Yet with its slow unfolding charms us so,
And pours such odorous incense from its warm

Unclosing heart, that while we drink it in
 Our first wish is forgotten. Such hath been,
 Methinks, thy girlhood. Such is now the bloom
 And beauty of thy ripened womanhood.

SUNSET AND TWILIGHT.

THE sun hath gone down in the crimsoned West,
 The dove hath flown to her lonely nest,
 And the golden light of departing day
 Tinges the mountains far away,
 Till their green sides glow with a brilliant flush,
 Like a calm face lighting with love's warm blush.

The sky is bright as the light that gleams
 From the sparkling waves of sunlit streams,
 And the rosy clouds are soft and light
 As the dreams which visit our hearts by night.
 The soft west wind as it murmurs by
 With its fragrant breath and dreamy sigh,
 Makes music sweet as the pleasant tones
 Which fall from the lips of loving ones, —
 Tones which leave in the inmost heart
 Gentle echoes which never depart.

The eye which rests on a scene so bright
 Never can tire of the gorgeous sight :

The soul is filled with a rapture pure,
That mortal senses can scarce endure ;
The pulses throb, and the full heart longs
To frame its bliss into thrilling songs,
The glorious light to its depth to win,
And drink the spirit of beauty in ;
Embody each delicate tint and glow,
And breathe it in music soft and low :
But its powers are bound in too bright a chain —
Lips cannot utter that spirit strain.

The bright hues fade, and a purple mist
Creeps o'er the hills which the sunbeams kissed ;
The thin clouds melt from their mellow hue,
And lose themselves in the deep, dark blue ;
While shadows steal o'er the quiet scene,
Like fairy forms from the woodland green.
The day-blooms softly are folding up
The glowing leaves of each tiny cup ;
Quietly closing each drowsy eye,
Till light returns to the eastern sky,
While dew-drops gather like gems of light,
In hearts of blossoms which scent the night.

The stars come out in the arch above,
Pure lamps lit up by the hand of love ;
And earthward spreading their shining wings,
As if to vie with those radiant things ;

The fireflies glitter and gleam and glance,
And seem to move in a mystic dance ;
The sound of streams and the scent of flowers
Seem sweeter now than at other hours,
And the soul grows calm in the twilight air,
And bows itself in unspoken prayer.

HE SPARETH ME.

HE spareth me from day to day, —
How great His mercy and His grace, —
Though I have wandered far astray,
Nor sought the “hidings of His face.”
Too long my erring soul her trust
Has placed on earthly things ; my heart
Has clung too fondly to the dust, —
Has been too loth with earth to part.

And yet He spareth me ! He hath
Unwearied watch about me kept ;
His hand by day has marked my path,
And been my safety while I slept.
He spareth me, while others fall
Beneath the fatal hand of death ;
And none resists the dreaded call,
Which bids them yield their fleeting breath.

He spareth me ! Why doth He spare
 This feeble frame of fragile clay ?
 Why doth He for the wanderer care,
 Who erreth from the living way ?
 He spareth me that I may turn
 And seek the grace He waits to give,
 For every sin and folly mourn,
 And henceforth to His glory live.

LEGEND OF THE WELL.

DOWN, far down, in a deep old well,
 The water lay calm and still ;
 Unmoved by the winds, whose gentle swell
 Ruffled the rippling rill ;
 It lay and looked up at some sweet wild-flowers
 That clustered around the brink,
 Bending their heads through the sunny hours
 As if longing to bathe or drink.

The water sent up his gentle song :
 "Ye beautiful things, come hither,
 Ye shall rest on my bosom the whole day long,
 And your beauty shall never wither."
 "It is far, far down," the flowers replied,
 "The rambling winds would miss us,
 And the light of the stars at eventide
 Could never come there to kiss us."

“Come down,” said the water, “the starbeams fall
On my quiet bosom nightly;
And among the moss on the green old wall
The glowworm sparkles brightly.”
The flowers looked down with their meek blue eyes,
And whispered to one another —
“Shall we leave the light of these sunny skies,
And the breast of Earth, our mother?
Shall we wander down by those damp, cold walls,
Where the dark-green moss is clinging,
Where the heat of the sunshine never falls,
And we’ll hear no blithe birds singing?
Shall we leave the dews of the twilight dim,
Whose pearls on our leaves are gleaming;
And listen no more to the wild bee’s hymn,
As he sinks to his nightly dreaming?”

“Oh! come,” said the water, “there’s music here
From the harps of the fairies swelling;
And dark and dim though the path appear,
There’s light in my moss-girt dwelling.”
The flowers gazed on, and the water smiled,
They seemed so fondly stooping,
But his winning words had their life beguiled,
Their heads in death were drooping.

The pale leaves dropped from the withering stems,
And through the dim space fluttered;

The water treasured the scattered gems,
And a sad, sweet sigh it uttered ;
And then from a thousand silvery strings
A plaintive sound came ringing —
The fairy's dirge for the lovely things,
They had marked by the well-side spring.

A MOTHER TO HER DYING CHILD.

LIFE has no weary years for thee,
No rugged paths for thee to tread ;
For o'er thy pillow lovingly
An angel's snowy wings are spread,
A blessed angel sent by Love,
To bear thee to his home above.

Thy frame is wearied out with pain,
And pale and wasted is thy cheek,
Where not a hue of health remains ;
Thy eyes are dim, thy pulse is weak,
And feebly comes the fluttering breath,
Which tells the near approach of death.

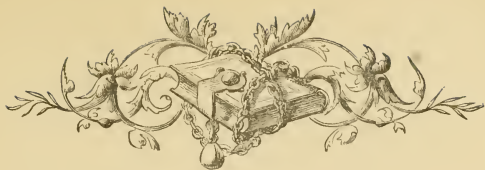
I weep, I cannot else than weep,
To see thee meekly suffering on ;

When love alone its watch must keep,
The hope of health, of life, is gone,
And mournfully I wait the last
Faint sigh, which tells me all is past.

Aye, mournfully, although I know
That death will bring relief to thee;
That while thy mother's tears will flow,
Thou wilt, rejoicing to be free,
Unfold thy unseen wings, and rise
With songs of gladness to the skies.

And this has almost dried my tears,
To know that He who loves thee best,
Has called thee in thy early years
To perfect and eternal rest,
And sent a messenger who waits
To lead thee through the golden gates;
And though my lonely heart will ache,
I will be glad for thy sweet sake!





THE SPIRIT'S REST.

WHEN hath the Spirit rest?
When the morning of life is fresh and fair,
And we rest in peace on our mother's breast,
And all our joys are centred there?
Yes, then it hath rest; but it lasts not long,
Ere other thoughts on our bosoms throng.

When hath the Spirit rest?
When the hopes of youth around us shine,
And fancy's wild, gay dreams invest
Life with a radiance half divine?
Nay, then the Spirit cannot rest,
But ever is seeking to be more blest.

When hath the Spirit rest?
When love throws over it his rosy wing,
And the fond, trusting heart is blest
With the love of some fair mortal thing?
Aye! then it rests for a little while,
Till the spell is broken by death or guile.

When hath the Spirit rest?

When wealth pours on us her golden store,
And for the proud ambitious breast

Fame yields her meed; what lack we more?
Not then: for how can the Spirit rest
With the care of wealth and pride oppressed?

When hath the Spirit rest?

When the lights have gone out in the halls of
mirth,

When joy is no longer the glad heart's guest,
And we turn away from the hopes of earth,
And bow our pride to the chastening rod —
Then we find peace and rest in God.

“LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.”

Scottish Saying.

LET bygones be bygones: 't is idle to grieve
For things which are past, which we cannot
retrieve;

If the past has been wasted, the present is ours:
Shall we strew it with thorns, or adorn it with
flowers?

Let bygones be bygones, repent for the past,
But let not its shade o'er the present be cast.

Let bygones be bygones : have friends been unkind,
 Or carelessly wounded a sensitive mind ?
 Forgive ; it is better the wrong to forgive
 And forget, than in galling remembrance to live.
 Let bygones be bygones, 't is folly to nurse
 A wound, which if fostered grows deeper and worse.

If joy hath smiled on thee, if wealth has been thine,
 Then left thee for others their garlands to twine ;
 If thou hast been touched by adversity's blast,
 Oh ! dwell not too much on the happier past.
 Let bygones be bygones, those blessings God lent,
 His hand now withholds them, and be thou content.

THE WATCHERS.

WEARILY watching by night and day,
 They counted the hours as they passed away,
 Till their eyes grew dim and their hearts grew weak,
 And thin and wan was each wasted cheek,
 And sad their voices and soft their tread,
 As theirs who move round a dying bed.

Spring had come with her gift of flowers,
 Her singing birds and her sunny hours ;

The skies were bright, and the streams were free,
The air was full of sweet harmony,
The earth was spread with its brightest green,
And Nature smiled on the brilliant scene.

But the budding flowers, and the sun's warm light,
Charmless burst on their aching sight,
For the light was barred from the quiet room
Of one who languished in pain and gloom ;
And sweetest blossoms no balm could shed
For the fevered lip and the aching head.

Weary vigils those watchers kept :
Lonely, by turns, they watched or slept,
Or watched together, (they were but twain,)
In anxious grief by the couch of pain ;
But the grief was hushed in each sorrowing breast,
For a sigh might break that uncertain rest.

Wearily passed the hours away,
From fall of night till the dawn of day,
And the day was dull, as the night was lone,
To the hearts whence joy had sadly flown,
Where the pulses of hope beat sad and low,
And the spirits had lost their joyous flow.

But the darkest hour of the drearest night
Gives place to the cheerful morning light ;

And the shade of fear, which had long o'ercast
Those faithful hearts, was dispelled at last,—
They smiled again through dimming tears,
While Hope sang sweetly of coming years ;

Of bliss made bright by the test of pain —
They had not suffered and watched in vain ;
The boon was granted, which many a prayer
Had asked in anguish, almost despair ;
And songs of joy from their glad lips poured,
For the loving friend to their hearts restored.

THE MINER'S GRAVE.

THERE is a lone and lowly grave
In the far-off golden land,
Where sunburnt miners laid to rest
One of their toiling band ;
It is a wild and lonely spot,
Far from his home away,
But thitherward a few fond hearts
Are turning day by day.

A widowed wife, an orphan child,
And sisters kind and true,
Shed many a tear for him whose grave
Their eyes may never view.

And there is one who loved him well —
When youth was on his brow —
It is not wrong for her to dwell
Upon his memory now.

In life another claimed his love,
His name another wore;
She hushed her love within her heart,
And Hope sang there no more.
But when the heavy sods were spread
’Twixt him and human ties,
What need was there to leave unshed
The tears which dimmed her eyes?

Within her heart for many a year
Life’s withered hopes have lain,
Yet to the hearts who hold her dear
She has not lived in vain;
Her smile has been the brightest smile,
Her voice the sweetest voice,
Within her home, and many a heart
Her kindly deeds rejoice.
But none, save one who knew her best
Since girlhood’s early years,
Has guessed that o’er that far-off grave
Her true heart sheddeth tears.





SWEET FRIEND.

'TIS long since I saw thy face, sweet friend!
Aye, many a year has flown
Since I met the light of thy loving eyes,
And thy warm lips pressed my own;
And many a change has come, sweet friend!
Many a change to me,
While still I await the greater change
Which long ago came to thee.

I have been growing old, sweet friend!
My locks are streaked with gray;
But there's not a silver thread in thine,
Thy youth never passed away.
Treading a rough and toilsome way,
I've reached life's afternoon;
And I cannot weep to-day for one
Who went to rest so soon.

Oh, it is well with thee, sweet friend !
A blessed home is thine,
And sorrow and care cannot enter there,
As they have entered mine ;
Thy life on earth was bright and brief,
Thy rest was early won ;
And sweet to me is the hope of rest,
When all my work is done.

OUR FATHER.

HOW kind is our Father ! how tender his love !
He visits us daily with gifts from above ;
He giveth us shelter, and raiment, and bread,
While many are homeless, and cold, and unfed.

He gives us, moreover, the word of his grace,
To guide us to Heaven, that glorious place,
Where the walls are of crystal, the streets are of gold,
And the ' King in his beauty ' our eyes shall behold.

How sweet is the thought, when this life shall be o'er,
There's a home where affliction can reach us no more ;
Where never can enter temptation or pain,
And we never can grieve our kind Father again.

Oh, let us be thankful to God for his care,
And cheerfully mingle thanksgiving with prayer ;
Let us love him, and trust him, and walk in his ways,
Till we enter that home where our work shall be praise.

THE PLEASANT THEME.

OF heaven and angels I would sing,
For then it is that music flows,
As freely from my soul-harp's strings,
As odor from a dewy rose ;
Oh ! 't is a sweet and pleasant theme,
And never, never wearies me, —
Wrapped in a bright and starry dream
Of glory, love, and harmony,
My spirit loves to fold her wings,
And close her eyes on earthly things.

But, ah ! this weak mortality,
This taint of sin upon the soul,
With tyrant force they hurry me
Back to the sinful world's control.
Ah ! sinful world ! thy wiles have led
My struggling soul too oft astray,
Thy light too frequently has shed
A dazzling glare upon my way,

Which hid from my bewildered eyes
A light more beautiful and soft,
The glorious light of Paradise ;
And, oh ! vain world ! for thee too oft
The loftier strains I should have sung
Have died in silence on my tongue.

I did not dare with lips profane,
Profaned with worldliness and pride,
To breathe the spirit-kindling strain
Which sadly in my bosom died.
But I will break thy mighty spell ;
My spirit must, and will be free,
To sing the themes it loves so well,
And I shall sing them joyfully ;
While the sweet angels Faith and Love
Shall bring me visions of the blest,
And bear my trembling notes above,
Where Hope has whispered I may rest,
Beneath the shadow of the Throne
Where light and glory reign alone.





EVENING.

THE evening calm on nature's breast
Hath fallen; the voice of living things
Is hushed in quietness to rest.

The birds have folded up their wings,
The wild bee slumbers in the heart
Of half-shut blossoms, whose meek eyes
(Whence drops of dewy brightness start)
Turn dreamily toward the skies.

The winds have ceased their wonted mirth,
As if they too had fallen asleep
Amid the holy hush of earth,
While smiling stars their night-watch keep;
Their pale rays kiss the dimpling wave
With trembling light, like broken gems,
Where crystal waters rippling lave
The water-lilies' drooping stems.

O'er valley, village, field and wood,
The quiet wing of peace is thrown;

And in the woodland solitude
Sits Silence, on her shadowy throne.
At this still hour sweet fancies steal
With quiet music through the heart,
Like scented breezes which we feel
And love, but know not whence they start.
It may be angel-bands are near,
As sang the bard of heavenly things —
Whose voices to the outward ear
Should not, but in soft whisperings,
Speak to the soul in language such
As may its holiest feelings touch,
And 'mid its hallowed depths be sung,
But may not fall from mortal tongue.

JUNE.

OH! is not earth a place of loveliness
In this sweet season of green leaves and flowers?
One's heart is burdened with the sweet excess
Of bliss unspoken — the delicious hours
Glide by on fragrant pinions, with a sound
Of minstrelsy exquisite, and the light
Of blue and sunny skies, which fling around
Their mellow radiance. Every moment's flight

Is marked by something beautiful and new,
 Some bright-winged insect bursting from its cell,
 Some delicate bud, disclosing to the view
 Its glowing bosom, and in many a dell
 Young fledglings flutter on unpractised wing,
 While mirth and music through the woodland ring.
 Wild bees hum dreamily their pleasant song
 Among the scented clover ; field and glen
 Are full of life and music ; all day long
 The song of birds is sounding there ; and when
 The sun withdraws his light, and shadows lie
 Upon the brow of Nature, winds and streams
 Keep up a soft delicious harmony
 That soothes the spirit into blissful dreams ;
 While pour the trembling stars and glorious moon
 Their richest radiance from the sky of June.

THE POET.

THE poet singeth ; his songs go forth ;
 The world enraptured listens ;
 For he calleth smiles to the lip of mirth,
 Or tears in bright eyes to glisten.
 He waketh or quelleth the throb of grief ;
 He wrappeth in deep devotion,
 And winneth hearts to his own belief
 In a tide of sweet emotion.

Yet singeth he like the unknown bird
In its forest home which hideth,
While fain are they who its songs have heard
To know where the minstrel bideth;
But few would guess that the timid thing,
From the woodland path that springeth,
Could fold 'neath its dusky breast and wing
The notes which the famed one singeth.

And thus uncared is the poet passed
By those who his fame are swelling;
And many a scornful glance is cast
On his homely garb and dwelling.
But he can smile, though their pride may wound
And canker his lofty spirit;
For the voice of fame hath a pleasant sound,
And the world hath owned his merit.
No matter, then, though that world should scorn
The being it should have cherished;
The glorious strains of his genius born
Shall live when its pride has perished.





DYING ROSES.

THEY are dying, they are dying !
A thousand bright-lipped flowers
Are flinging down their fading leaves,
In soft and fitful showers.
The golden sun of summer
Hath never shone more fair,
And the odor of the dying flowers
Lies sweetly on the air :
But we know that they are passing,
And their very sweetness brings
Regret, that we must lose so soon
Such fair and fragrant things !

They are fading, they are fading !
But not alone they die,
For many a form as fair as they
Must soon as lowly lie.
There is many a warm cheek paling,
And bright lip growing wan,

While lies the shadow of the grave
 The warm young heart upon.
 They are passing, they are passing!
 The golden-winged hours
 Are bearing them more swiftly hence
 Than even the dying flowers.
 There are some lingering rosebuds
 Just bursting into bloom —
 Enough to twine a parting wreath
 To lay upon the tomb.

SORROW UNASSUAGED.

THEY tell me to cease from my sorrow,
 They say it is sinful and vain,
 And that I shall go to the lost one
 Who cannot come to me again.
 To many such things I have listened,
 Well knoweth my sorrowful heart
 That my darling went from me forever.
 The hour when I saw him depart,
 I know that his love and his beauty
 Shall gladden my heart no more,
 Till I shall have forded the river
 Which washes Eternity's shores ;

And therefore my heart goeth mourning,
Mourning and sorrowing on,
For the flower in its summer-time blighted,
The rainbow so suddenly gone.

TO JENNY LIND.

WELCOME, sweet warbler! whose wild notes
are ringing,

Birdlike and free, through our beautiful land;
Thou in whose pathway the gifted are flinging
Tributes which genius alone can command.

Poets have welcomed thee warmly and proudly,

Wealth has bowed down at the nightingale's shrine,
And while their welcomes were echoing loudly,

Scarce hadst thou heard the low whisper of mine;
Still in my bosom it murmured unspoken,

What were the song of a stranger to thee?
But from its silence my spirit has broken:

Listen, fair "Bird of the Nor'land," to me.

Not for the gift that is winning thee treasure,

Wreathing thy brow with the garland of fame,
Cast I this drop in the o'erflowing measure,
Filled to the praise of thy wide-echoed name;

Not to thy name, but to thy *heart* am I singing,
To thy sweet nature; warm, loving, and free,
Woman's affectionate sympathy bringing,
As a fit offering, fair stranger, to thee.

Sweet is thy gift, but the spirit which knoweth
Rightly to use it is lovelier far ;
Nobler the heart whence love's radiance floweth,
Pure as the light of night's earliest star.
Such is the love of humanity swelling,
Pure and unchecked in thy generous breast ;
Bringing back light to the gloom-shadowed dwelling,
Making the heart of the destitute blest.

Sorrowful hearts, which thy kindness has gladdened,
Thankfully mingle thy name with their prayers ;
(Oh ! may thy own spirit never be saddened,
Never bowed down by adversity's cares.)
Therefore, fair sister ! I welcome and bless thee,
Though thy sweet voice is yet strange to my ear,
Therefore my heart goeth forth to caress thee,
Breathing that home-word so precious and dear ;
Therefore I wish that thy heart may be ever
Bright with love's sunshine, unsullied by tears,
And that our voices may mingle together
With seraphim's songs, through eternity's years.



WE SAID FAREWELL.

WE said farewell : I knew not then
The agony that word contains,
For then we hoped to meet again.

We parted : and to me remains
A blessed memory, warm and bright,
Bathed often in a tide of tears,
But ever radiant with a light
Which shall outlive the flight of years !

We met no more : that first farewell,
Too lightly spoken, was the last ;
A sculptured marble briefly tells
How love's fair sky was overcast.
Oh ! sad and sore my heart hath been,
And strong the conflict in my breast ;
I know that thou hast entered in
The glorious and eternal rest ;

And mournfully my soul hath striven,
 With calm, submissive faith, to bear,
And bless the high behest of heaven :
 But there was strife and anguish there.

The love that held thee in its clasp
 Was loth to say that it was well,
And yield thee to Death's icy grasp,
 And leave thee when his shadow fell.
It cannot be, beloved ! my heart
 Will yield to none the place of love
It kept for thee — death could not part
 Our spirits : thou hast gone above,
And I am lingering still below ;
 But fondly beats my heart for thee,
And dearer than the richest flow
 Of music, is thy name to me !

And thou art with me still in dreams,
 Sweet angel of my sleeping hours !
Thy voice, the mellow gush of streams ;
 Thy step, the breeze 'mid trembling flowers ;
I feel thy warm hand clasp my own,
 Thy cheek to mine in fondness pressed —
I wake, content to be alone,
 Since thou hast gone to " blissful rest."



THE PET BIRD.

THERE was a bird, a petted thing and cherished,
A household darling tenderly caress'd,
Whose plaintive voice, for every flower that perished,
Sent mournful echoes through her sheltered nest;
And they who loved her, loved her sad-toned singing,
And said it was the music of their life,
And that its echoes in their hearts were ringing,
When they went forth amid life's toil and strife.

Sometimes a passing stranger paused to hear her,
And sometimes murmured flattering words of
praise;
But the kind words of household love were dearer,
And these could ever win her gentlest lays.
Thus sang she on, and years passed swiftly o'er her,
Marked by the death of many a treasured flower;
Blossoms and buds which faded out before her,
Leaving their fragrance floating 'round her bower.

Thus sang she on, still earnestly and sadly,
Till one who bent to listen, breathed a tone
Which made her bosom's pulses flutter gladly,
Albeit the voice was mournful as her own.
It told her he who sang was sad and lonely,
That in his pathway, joys but bloomed to die ;
That her soft voice could cheer him, and hers only,
And bring Hope's rainbow to his clouded sky.

It told her of a home whereto her presence
Could bring content to dwell a constant guest ;
And thus her spirit learned the mystic lessons,
Which were to win her from the household nest.
That voice grew dearer, in her spirit making
Such music as no voice had made before,
Within her bosom's quiet depths awaking
Emotions which might slumber never more.

Her home was dear, but that sweet voice was dearer,
And when it called her thence in accents low,
Her voice was never firmer, never clearer,
Than when it breathed the earnest "I will go."
And to a quiet nest the loved one bore her,
And there she folded lovingly her wings ;
And with love's sunlight softly smiling o'er her,
A cheerful strain the petted song-bird sings.



THE MUSIC OF THE WATERS.

THE rushing of the waters,
Oh, how I love to hear
When they burst their icy fetters
In the spring-time of the year!
They seem to start so joyously
From every mountain spring,
With sound so like the melodies
Which merry children sing.

The music of the waters!
At evening's quiet hour,
It steals into my listening heart,
With gentle dream-like power;
And wakes a thousand memories
Of days departed long,
When first I learned to love so well
The restless water's song.

It minds me of a rocky steep
Whence many streamlets gushed,

Whose voices seemed to grow more deep
And wild, as on they rushed ;
They seemed forever singing
Sweet anthems for the flowers,
Which clustered on their edges,
Through summer's sunny hours.

The music of the waters !
No sweeter song is sung
Than that they chant while wandering
Earth's lovely scenes among ;
I know not if in other ears
They breathe such harmony,
But very pleasant is the song
The waters sing to me !

OLD SONGS.

OH! sing them not — those olden songs
I cannot bear to hear them sung ;
Their plaintive sweetness all belongs
To years when life and hope were young.
There is not one, but brings me back
Some memory of days gone by,
When flowers were thick along life's track,
And stars were bright in love's fair sky.

The flowers are dead, the stars are dim,
And thorns about my pathway spring ;
And mournful as a funeral hymn
Are those old songs I used to sing.
Then sing them not — I still would be
The loving child of hope and trust,
But every note recalls to me
Some hope that crumbled into dust.

MARCH WINDS.

THE balmy scent of spring is on the breeze ;
'Tis not the scent of flowers, they bloom not yet ;
'Tis not the early blossoming of trees,
Their tiny leaf-buds are not more than set ; —
I know not whence the breathing fragrance flows,
Which comes upon the first warm breath of spring,
Long ere the violet or early rose
Unfold their sweets to woo the zephyr's wing :
Mayhap it cometh from the dark-brown earth
Where sleeps the loveliness of summer hours,
And the young winds have in their early mirth
Stirred up the odors of the perished flowers.

I know not, and it matters not to know,
The secret of the march-wind's balmy breath —

.

I love it better that its murmurs low
Are waked in scenes which wear the hue of death,—
The mourning hue which chilly autumn gave —
It sounds like music breathed above the tomb,
Whose soft notes tell of hope beyond the grave,
As march-winds herald April's coming bloom.

LITTLE ARCHIE.

IN the holy Sabbath dawning,
Ere the rosy-fingered morning
Had unbarred the gates of light,
Little Archie's spirit breaking
From its fragile casket, wakened
To a Sabbath morn more bright.

Oh, that glorious awaking!
Angel hands the babe uptaking,
Up to heaven rejoicing bore;
And the friends who have resigned him,
Lingering mournfully behind him,
On some blessed morn shall find him,
Find, and never lose him more.





THE DEAD.

THE loved of earth — how they pass away!
Like the sunny smiles of a summer day;
They pass from earth, we see them fall
As a gem drops out from a coronal —
As blossoms torn from a healthy stem;
'Tis thus that we ever think of them.
We look with tears on a vacant place,
And sigh for the loss of a well-known face;
We murmur the names we loved, in vain —
They cannot answer our call again.

They have passed away to their quiet rest,
Earth foldeth them in her silent breast;
The chill winds howl, or warm rains weep,
Alike unheeded above their sleep;
And flowers may burst at the touch of spring,
And green leaves rustle, and wild birds sing;
But it matters not to the mouldering dust,
The green earth holdeth in faithful trust.

They pass, and their place must henceforth be
Vacant, save in the memory
Of those who loved them, — the faithful few, —
Whose hearts, to the dead, are fond and true ;
Whose love wanes not with the burdened breath,
And sinking pulse that tells of death ;
That goes not out when the death-sealed eye
Is shut from the light of the glorious sky ;
And the pleasant sounds they had loved to hear,
Touch not the nerves of the senseless ear.

The love of such hearts cannot grow cold,
Their memories never wax dim or old ;
They shrine the dead in a sacred urn,
They know they can never to them return ;
But a holy trust to their love is given,
Gems snatched from earth are re-set in heaven ;
Flowers which died here in their beauty's prime,
Live there in endless summer-time ;
And the dear ones, shrined in the trustful heart,
They shall meet again, and no more shall part.





A BRIDAL SONG.

A SONG and a blessing for thee, young bride!
As thou goest forth by thy loved one's side,
Passing from under the old roof-tree,
Which long and kindly has sheltered thee —
Leaving the home of thy childhood's hours,
Bidding farewell to its birds and flowers,
And the quiet spot where thy dear ones rest,
With the green sod hiding each peaceful breast.

Thou art going forth, and there resteth now,
A shadow of grief on thy girlish brow;
But it soon will pass, for thy path is bright,
Thy future is warm with a golden light;
And leaning with mingled love and pride,
On him thou hast chosen to be thy guide:
Thou lookest forth to the coming years,
And a rainbow gleams through thy gathering tears.

Bless thee, young bride, for thy trustful love ;
Thou art going forth like a mated dove,
To fold thy wing in a new-found nest ;
Oh, mayst thou ever be glad and blest ;
May the links that bind thee be ever bright,
And thy heart rejoice in unshadowed light !

A TWILIGHT HOUR.

I AM sitting in the twilight.
The sun went down in gloom,
And shadows of the murky clouds
Are in my lonely room.
The fire is burning dimly,
I would not have it bright,
Until the day be hushed asleep
On the bosom of the night.

There is silence in my chamber,
A silence calm and deep,
While softly round a little bed
The dark-hued shadows creep ;
They hide the winsome features
Of her who slumbers there ;
The dimpled chin, the rosy cheek,
The soft and shining hair.

But from beneath the covering
One little hand has strayed,
Which, like a snowy lily, gleams
Amid the deepening shade.

My spirit bows to whisper
A blessing and a prayer
Above the lovely helpless thing,
Which claims my tenderest care.
I clasp the tiny fingers,
I kiss the stainless brow —
A bird-like voice the silence breaks,
I am not lonely now.
Soft arms my neck are clasping,
Warm lips to mine are pressed ;
And the smile of that sweet baby-face
Makes sunshine in my breast.

WHY DO WE LOVE?

WHY do we love the beautiful things
To which the heart in its fondness clings ?
The golden light of the summer hours,
With their blushing glory of buds and flowers ;
The song of birds, and the voice of streams,
Which mingle themselves with our very dreams ?

Why do we love them? The summer has flown;
Winter has changed the streamlet's tone;
The flowers we cherished have long been dead,
The last pale leaves from the boughs are shed;
The birds have passed to a fairer clime,
And cold and drear is the winter time.

Why do we love them? Why do we twine
Our hopes with things we must soon resign?
Why are we charmed with the tone or grace
Of a gentle voice, or a lovely face?
Why do we gaze into loving eyes,
Till we fancy them brighter than sunlit skies?
Why does a gentle, fond caress
Yield such a heart-wealth of happiness?

Why, with such loving and earnest trust,
Do we lean on aught that is linked with dust?
Why, when we know that the shadowy pall
Of change and death lies over all,
And years pass on with silent tread
Over the graves of our loved and dead?

Why? Oh! the summer will come again,
With flowers for forest and field and glen:
The birds will sing, and the streams will flow,
With the glad voices of "long ago."

And the lost, the loved for whom we weep,
 They too shall wake from their long cold sleep,—
 Shall wake to a summer of love and light,
 A summer that knoweth no change or blight.
 Thus shall the lost be restored again :
 Therefore our love is not wrong or vain.

THE YOUNGEST BROTHER.

I HAD rocked him in his cradle,
 I had borne him in my arms ;
 With all a sister's love and pride,
 Had marked his budding charms ;
 His infant steps had guided,
 And taught him all the plays,
 And sang him all the simple songs
 Which charmed my infant days.
 I saw him pass from childhood
 Along youth's sunny ways ;
 And life was like a pleasant field
 Spread out before his gaze ;
 The light of early manhood
 Had touched his fair young face,
 And lent to lip and cheek and brow
 A new and noble grace.

Perhaps I gazed too proudly,
Perhaps I loved too well,
For suddenly on love and hope
A fearful blighting fell.
I saw that dear one smitten,
His life in one brief hour
Crushed out, as when a careless step
Treads down a cherished flower.
No blight was on his beauty,
No mildew of decay ;
The flower was crushed, but beauty still
Upon the young leaves lay.
I bent above his pillow
When morning's golden light
Fell o'er him like an angel's smile,
So warm, and soft, and bright.
I kissed the icy forehead
Where death had left his chill,
And those pale lips, whereon a smile
Was sweetly lingering still.
I knew his heart was pulseless,
I knew his eyes no more
Would lift their loving gaze to mine,—
That life and hope were o'er.
But even when they bore him
To that last place of rest,
And I had seen the chilly earth
Heaped o'er his silent breast,

It seemed a fearful vision :
I could not make it true,
That they had hid that noble form
Forever from my view.
And since, alike in daytime,
And in the quiet night,
It seems as if that bright young face
Were present to my sight ;
I seem to hear him murmur
The pleasant words of yore,
And start, and weep, because that voice
May gladden me no more.
My heart is wrapped in mourning,
My eyes with tears are dim,
And every joyous face I see
Awakes some thought of him.
And when the winds are moaning
His lowly bed above,
It seems so hard that he must lie
Shut out from life and love !

They strive to soothe my anguish
With words of hope and cheer ;
They tell me of the better land,
Where I his voice shall hear.
They tell me to look upward,
And so I strive to do ;

But there's a mist before my eyes
 I cannot yet see through.
 I know the sun is shining
 Behind the misty cloud ;
 I know it was not all of him
 We folded in the shroud ;
 But the shadow on my spirit
 Is one no hand may lift,
 Save His who gives, and as He will,
 Reclaims the precious gift.

I HAVE FOUND FLOWERS.

I HAVE found flowers, wild flowers,
 Fair azure things, with golden hearts, are they ;
 Such as I gathered in life's morning hours,
 Upon the woody hill-sides far away.

I do remember well
 The first I ever found, — a tiny thing
 That bloomed alone, where the warm sunshine fell
 Upon it in the first bright days of spring.

Charmed with its beauty then,
 My heart has never learned to love it less,
 Though dwelling where the close-built homes of men
 Left not one sweet wild-flower the sight to bless.

A woodland home once more
 Is mine, and, yesterday, the southern breeze
 To me the scent of April's treasures bore :
 I went to search, and found unfolded *these*.

BRIGHT WINTER DAYS.

THE beautiful days of winter !
 Like golden links are they,
 Binding the days which are coming
 With those which have passed away.
 Bright links, which clasp together
 Memories fair and bright,
 And beautiful hopes, which nestle
 In the future's golden light.

Sunshiny days of winter !
 Ye are beautiful as few, —
 The spring winds are more balmy,
 And the summer skies more blue ;
 But a sunny day in winter
 Is a bright and precious thing ;
 Its light steals into one's being,
 And makes the sad heart sing.





JOY IN HEAVEN.

THERE'S joy in heaven, among the holy throng,
Who stand forever near the Saviour's throne ;
A strain of deeper gladness swells the song
The seraphs utter ; a more rapturous tone
Of love and praise from golden harps resounds ;
Bright cherubs wave for joy their glittering wings,
When Mercy bends above a lost one found,
A sinner bowed before the King of kings,
Mourning the sins which slew the Son of God,
And seeking pardon through his precious blood.

Oh, what a precious thing the soul must be,
When angels, seraphs, saints in triumph sing,
When one from Satan's bondage is set free, —
When God esteemed it such a priceless thing,
That but the sufferings of his only Son
Could save it from eternal misery, —
When all that suffering had been borne for one,
Had only one transgressed ! How gloriously

The plan of our redemption hath been wrought !
No ransom less than that which God hath given,
Could, for one sinful erring soul, have bought
The boundless wealth and happiness of Heaven ;
But praise to God ! He makes it free to all
Who will accept the Spirit's gracious call.

EMBALM THE DEAD.

EMBALM the dead in tears !
These are more precious far than spice or oil :
Why leave for after-years
Death's final triumph ? He will yet despoil
All that is mortal ; darkness and decay
Must do their work upon the breathless clay.

Embalm the dead in love !
There is no need of costly spicery :
Heap the green turf above
The silent breast, and let remembrance be
The sole embalmer, and the heart an urn,
Where gentle thoughts of them shall ever burn.

The faithful heart retains
More than Egyptian art hath power to hold ;

That keeps the poor remains

Of what we loved, pale, motionless, and cold ;
But memory keepeth warm the blessed light
Of love, and smiles and beauty pure and bright.

JESUS.

IN the thorny desert straying,
On the lonely mountain praying ;
In the streets and highways preaching,
Oh, how gracious was his teaching !
Mysteries of grace revealing,
Healing all who came for healing ;
Toiling, sorrowing, day by day,
Passed his mortal years away.

Oft, when evening's quiet close
Brought the season of repose,
And the poorest toiling peasant
Sought his home, by love made pleasant,
Jesus trod no homeward way,
Tarrying where they bade him stay ;
Or, for want of welcome, said,
Lacking " where to lay his head,"
On the damp and chilly sod
Spent the hours in prayer to God.

Son of God ! what wondrous love
 Brought Thee from thy throne above ;
 Made thee choose an humble birth,
 Choose to tread the ways of earth ?
 Human nature meekly wearing,
 Every human sorrow sharing ;
 Bearing pride and scorn with meekness,
 Kindly pitying human weakness ;
 Patient gentleness displaying,
 Seeking out the lost and straying ;
 Giving even thy life, to buy
 Life for sinners doomed to die :
 That Redemption might be free
 Unto all who come to Thee !

GONE.

GONE, to return no more !
 Gone from our midst, so joyous and so young,
 His heart with youth's fresh gladness running o'er,
 And on his lips life's pleasant songs half sung ;
 Gone from our midst ! Our hearts will wait in vain
 To hear his dear returning step again.

He went from us so strong,
 At early morn, with step so firm and light ;

The noontide saw him sadly borne along,
 O'er the same paths, and in the still calm night,
Unconscious of the loved ones round his bed,
The low faint breathing ceased — and he was dead !

When morning came, the warm
 Glad sunshine through the shaded casement
 gleamed,
And rested softly on the shrouded form,
 And the pale face, which looked as if he dreamed
Some pleasant dream, so calm, and pure, and fair,
Lay the young brow beneath the clustering hair.

We laid him in the earth !
 Ah me, how hard it was to lay him there !
How sad to gather round the household hearth,
 Where he was not ! Oh, brother, young and fair,
Our hearts are sadly drooping o'er the grave,
From which our love was all too weak to save.

He will return no more ;
 But we have laid him there in hopeful trust,
That when a few more years are counted o'er,
 And we, like him, have slumbered in the dust,
We all shall meet upon that happier shore,
Whence none departeth, to return no more.



THY BROTHER SHALL ARISE AGAIN.

[*John xi. 23.*]

THY brother shall arise again!"
In those sweet words what comfort lies!
Poor trembling mourner, cease thy strain
Of anguish, dry thy tear-dimmed eyes;
And let thy heart's repinings cease:
For, lo! the Saviour whispers, "Peace."

A mourner bent beside a tomb,
And wet with tears the hallowed dust,
While in her bosom thoughts found room,
Which marred her heavenward hope and trust;
She mourned that one so young and brave
Should slumber in the chilly grave.

"Why must that manly form no more
Be found in its accustomed place?
Why is death's curtain folded o'er
That generous heart — that joyous face?"

Why was a parent's hope and stay,
So loved and leaned on, snatched away?"

She wept such tears as only flow
From hearts by bitter anguish torn ;
Beneath affliction's sudden blow
Her very soul seemed downward borne,
Till, faint and weary with her grief,
She looked to Heaven for relief.

It came: A whisper low and calm
Breathed in her spirit's listening ear,
O'er her bruised heart like precious balm
Distilled, she felt that God was near ;
And that sweet promise soothed her pain, —
"Thy brother shall arise again!"

GEORGE'S GRAVE.

COLD is the bed where our darling is lying ;
Coldly the winter-wind sweeps o'er his tomb,
Wildly and sadly a requiem sighing,
O'er him who died in his summer's young bloom.
Cold is the bed where we laid him to slumber,
Though the warm sunshine fell lovingly there,
On that sad day we will ever remember —
Day when we buried the youthful and fair.

Earth with the glory of autumn was glowing,
 Flowers on the upland were lingering still ;
 Soft, as in spring-time, the west-wind was blowing,
 But on our hearts lay a winter-like chill.
 Winter has since spread a covering o'er him,
 Pure as befitteth an innocent breast ;
 Spring, and the fond ones who live to deplore him,
 Will cover with blossoms the place of his rest.
 Spring ! Ah ! the spring-time itself will be dreary,
 Dreary, though laden with freshness and bloom ;
 Dreary to us, who, sad-hearted and weary,
 Gather her treasures to garland the tomb !

OUR VALLEY.

BEAUTIFUL ! O beautiful is this valley home
 of mine !—
 The green fields circled in by hills o'erhung with
 fragrant pine.
 A thousand glancing streamlets amid our meadows
 flow,
 On whose green banks bright cowslips and water-
 lilies grow ;
 The darkest purple violets are found among our dells,
 And laurels on the hill-side spread their tufts of
 scented bells ;

The mourning dove sings softly our shady woods
among,
Where songs of lighter cadence by gayer birds are
sung.

It is lovely, very lovely, the valley where we dwell,
Though round a stranger's heart it might not weave
a binding spell :

We think it very beautiful, this valléy home of ours,
With wild-bird music, waving woods, and wealth of
summer flowers :

The village down beside the hill, the church and
churchyard green,

With white catalpas bending, the precious dust to
screen.

'Tis lovelier than at other times, upon a Sabbath
morn,

When summer-winds are singing through fields of
rustling corn ;

And scent of blossoms gathered, and wafted by the
air,

Like unseen incense stealeth through the sacred
place of prayer.

A little band of worshippers then bring together,
there

The joy and sadness of the heart, its blessedness and
care :

Some hearts are faint and weary, and some with
gladness beat,
But the same dear Hand divides to all the portion
that is meet.
All hearts His words are waiting, whose heart is with
us all,
And gently to the drooping, His words like balm-
drops fall :
He bringeth to the thoughtless a warning from the
tomb ;
He bids them look on youth decayed in beauty's
early bloom ; —
A warning or a blessing for every soul He hath,
And kindly pointeth out to all the safe and narrow
path.
It is lovely, very lovely, this valley home of ours,
But it ever wears its sweetest look in the holy Sab-
bath hours.

A THOUGHT OF DEATH.

OH! what a glorious thing it must be
For the soul to burst from its bonds of clay,
Spreading its pinions strong and free,
To speed its flight from this world away,
Onward and up, and never stay,

Till it enters the beautiful land
Where never dieth the light of day ;
Where they never grow weary, or sadly say,
“ I am sick,” and all tears are wiped away

By our heavenly Father’s hand.
Oh ! happy the soul that enters there,
Shut in forever from pain and care ;
With a life before it of love and praise,
As long as eternity’s endless days.

Oh ! when I think of that glorious place,
And of those who have entered its gates of rest,
The shadows of sorrow forsake my face,
My heart throbs gladly within my breast,
And fondly I call my lost ones blest,
For I know that they are there,
By the priceless pearl their souls possessed,
While gently their feet life’s pathway pressed,
And the sky of youth was fair.

I am glad to think they are gathered in,
Safe from sorrow and pain and sin ;
And the heart that is lonely since they are gone,
Is hopefully striving and struggling on ;
If still it sheddeth its human tears,
For the sorrow that fell on its early years ;
Softly they fall as the dew of night,
To be inhaled by the morning light —

The light which gleams from those portals bright
Which never unfold to mortal sight,
But over the soul their radiance shed,
Whenever we think of the blessed dead.

ADVICE TO A POET.

POET! if thy thoughts be bright,
Full of gladness and of light,
Full of beauty and of trust,
Free from care's corroding rust,—
Sing. Thy pleasant thoughts shall be
Bright to others as to thee.

If thy spirit hath been tried,
If thy brightest hopes have died,
If thy memory fondly clings
Unto lovely perished things,
While thy warmest tears are shed
For the faithless, or the dead ;—
If thy body, worn with pain,
Seeks the gift of health in vain,
While thy heart with humble faith,
Looking upward, meekly saith,
“ 'Tis my Father holds the rod,
Blesséd be the will of God ; ” —

Poet! sing. Thy songs shall be
Blest to others as to thee.

But if bitter thoughts are thine,
If around thy heart entwine
Restless pride, whose haughty aim
Is at worldly wealth and fame;
Care, that gnawing at thy breast,
Canker-like destroys thy rest, —
Burning envy, hate, and scorn,
Of the heart's corruption born, —
Breathe them not, such thoughts would be
Dark to others as to thee;
Breathe not words to sear and blight,
If thou suffer wrong and slight:
Let it not be breathed in songs,
Which may long outlive thy wrongs;
Better silently to bear
Than to burden with thy care
Hearts whose painful sympathy
Is of no avail to thee.

Sing of all things pure and bright,
Things which gladden and delight:
Sing of trials, pain, and care,
Sanctified by faith and prayer.
Songs like these will blessings bring
Unto those who hear thee sing.

Hearts with gladness running o'er,
 Gladness unexpressed before,
 Find their inward bliss, by thee
 Shadowed forth so truthfully,
 That thy spirit's joyous tone
 Seemeth more than half their own ;
 And some spirit, bowed in dust,
 May grow stronger through thy trust.
 Thus, the gift God gave to thee
 Blest to other hearts may be.

LAY NOT THY HARP ASIDE.

LAY not thy harp aside ;
 There falls sweet music from its trembling
 strings, —
 Not the high strains of pride,
 Not the gay notes the heart-glad minstrel sings.
 Thy spirit hath been tried,
 And grief and care droop round thy heart their
 wings,
 And fling a shadow o'er the source of song,
 Which dims, but darkens not, and it were wrong.

To cease from those sweet lays,
 To hush thy melodies within thy soul,

And in life's toilsome ways,
 Pass on, a victim to thy self-control ;
 There are a few would praise,
 To whose dull hearts such music never stole ;
 But thy heart would be sadder, didst thou crush
 The thoughts which from its depths so freely gush.

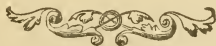
Cast not thy harp away.
 The mildew of neglect will rust and blight ;
 Leave not to dim decay
 The jewel which may shine with purer light,
 And sparkle on thy way,
 And throw around thy name a halo bright.
 Sing on ! Thy talent was not given to rest
 Unused, unpolished, hid within thy breast.

TO THE MOURNING DOVE.

SWEET mourning dove, thy voice to me
 Is sweeter than the gayest notes
 Which warble through the greenwood tree,
 From merry songsters' tuneful throats,
 When April flowers adorn the earth,
 And joyous birds begin to sing,
 Above the early blossom's birth,
 Rejoicing in the breath of spring.

Thy plaintive voice swells sadly out
From some sequestered lonely dell,
Where green leaves cluster all about,
And violet-buds ungathered swell ;
And through the long warm summer days
Thy sad unchanging song is heard —
Oh ! can it be that sorrow stays,
An inmate of thy breast, sweet bird !

Or, hast thou in thy seeming woe
A heart as light as if thy strain
Were gayer — is its plaintive flow
A sound of bliss instead of pain ?
It must be so, for thou art not
A mateless, melancholy thing,
Forever pining o'er thy lot
With drooping head and folded wing.
Thine is no weary song of grief,
Though mildly pensive is thy lay,
'Midst springing flowers, o'er falling leaf,
In spring-tide or autumnal day.
There is, methinks, a gentle tone
Of sweet contentment in thy voice,
Unlike the mourner's funeral moan,
Which lets no listening heart rejoice.





DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

DREAMS of the blesséd dead,
How sweetly do ye come
Around our dreaming hearts, to shed
Thoughts of their spirit home ;
Ye fling a holy light
Upon our sleeping hours,
As soft, and beautiful, and bright,
As hues of summer flowers.

Ye wake sad thoughts, but sweet,
Of dear ones passed from earth —
Of forms we never more may meet
By social board or hearth.
Ye bring the clasping hand,
The smile we loved so well,
The winning accents soft and bland
From smiling lips that fell.

That smile has passed away
With the light of earthly love ;

Those lips now breathe a holy lay,
With angel tongues above ;
But oft they live with us again,
And their memories round us creep,
Like the winding links of a love-wrought chain,
In the visions of our sleep.

Dreams of the blesséd dead,
There are dreams more bright by far,
But none o'er the soul so sweetly shed,
The light of love's fair star.

THE AUTUMN-TIME.

THE autumn-time is coming !
A glorious time to me,
When a mantle of gorgeous colors
Wrappeth each forest-tree ;
When orchard boughs are bending,
And the golden sunshine plays
With leaves and fruit as glowing
As are its own bright rays ;
When the vines upon the uplands
Are crushed and laden down
With purple clusters, decking
The season like a crown ;

When free, wild winds come singing,
 Forest and valley through,
 With a song so glad and careless,
 I long to sing it too ;
 And my heart springs upward, flinging
 Aside all thought of care,
 And my thoughts like birds are winging
 Away through the soft blue air.

Oh ! from my earliest childhood
 Hath autumn been to me
 A time when my heart grew lighter,
 My voice and step more free ;
 Away through shadowy woodlands,
 Where chestnut-trees flung down
 A shower of shining treasures,
 Of ripe nuts bright and brown ;
 Up o'er the rugged hill-side,
 Down through the tangled dell,
 Over the sun-crisp'd meadows,
 My footsteps lightly fell.
 And my voice rang out to echo
 My brother's noisy glee —
 The young glad-hearted brothers,
 Who trod those paths with me.

Many a summer and autumn
 Have passed since that gay time,

When there was no path too tiresome
For my young feet to climb.
My steps since then have wearied,
And faltered along the way,
Afar from the pleasant woodland
Where we were wont to stray.
Through more than one bright summer
I've languished day by day,
While the thought of death upon me
Like a misty shadow lay ;
But when the blessed autumn
Came singing o'er the earth,
My heart sprang up to answer,
With some of its old-time mirth :
My spirit then grew stronger,
My step grew firm and light,
And the beauty of all things round me
Made even my thoughts more bright.

Oh ! that my lips could utter
The thoughts which thrill my breast,
When the glorious autumn sunset
Is smiling along the West ;
It seems as a curtain only
Shuts out from mortal view,
The land of immortal beauty,
And its glory is shining through.

Oh! that a voice were given
 To the thoughts which wake and die,
 Shut up in a gateless prison,
 As these glorious days go by.
 It may be I love them better,
 Because my infant eyes
 First looked on this world of beauty
 By the light of autumnal skies;
 The same rich light fell softly,
 Like a blessing on my brow,
 When my heart in its gladness uttered
 The beautiful marriage-vow.
 And the autumn-time must ever
 Sweet thoughts and memories bring
 To the heart which gladly nestles
 Beneath Love's sheltering wing.

ARE YOU YET IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING?

NOT yet! but I am going thither.
 A little while my weary feet must tread
 The paths of earth, where mists and shadows gather,
 This valley of the dying and the dead;
 A little while, and this rough journey o'er,
 Land of the Living! I shall reach thy shore.

Not yet! the gloomy waves of Death's dark river
Are yet to struggle with; beyond it lies
The land of Life; some golden sunbeams quiver
Athwart the tide, from those unshadowed skies.
Land of the Living, where is no more night,
I soon shall hail thy glorious morning-light!

The foregoing lines were suggested by the reply of an aged Christian, to one who told him that a friend who resided at a distance, had asked if he were yet in the land of the living. "Tell him," said the good old man, "that I am not there yet, but I am going thither."

MARTHA.

SHE moved with busy dignity; a look
Of constant care upon her thoughtful face:
Nor for a moment carelessly forsook
Her household duties; promptly did she place
The dainty viands on her crowded board;
Neglecting nothing; — but her careful heart
Was vexed, that in preparing for their Lord
The needful meal, her sister took no part.
"Master," she said, "dost thou not care to see,
My sister leaveth me to serve alone?"
There was a mild rebuke, given solemnly,
Yet full of kindness, in the earnest tone

Of his reply. "Thou, Martha! careful art
 For many things, whose care doth trouble thee;
 But Mary hath preferr'd the better part,
 Which taken from her never more shall be!"

LITTLE JANE.

SEVEN times April's sun and showers
 Have awaked the early flowers;
 Seven times waked the grass to wave
 Over little Janie's grave;
 Seven times, summer, blossom-crowned,
 Scattered roses o'er the mound;
 Seven times autumn breathed his sighs,
 Where our darling buried lies;
 Seven times winter's shroud been spread
 Over her little lowly bed.

But what times, and times untold,
 We have missed her from the fold!
 Feeble lamb, whom God in love
 Gathered to the fold above.
 We have tried our grief to quell,
 Softly murmuring, "It is well;"
 Yet, for her our hearts will yearn,
 And our thoughts will often turn

From the little ones at play,
 To the one that is away ;
 Fancying how she would have grown,
 Had she been with us till now ;
 Thinking she is still our own,
 Though upon her baby brow
 Heaven's eternal glory lies ;
 Thinking of her violet eyes —
 Eyes whose light we loved so dearly,
 Eyes which closed on earth so early,
 Eyes whose tears are wiped away ; —
 With this thought our hearts can say :
 "It is well. Beloved and blessed !
 God hath given our darling rest."

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

THE blessed sunshine of the Sabbath morn
 Had not yet risen upon Judea's land,
 When rose to pray, with hearts oppressed and worn,
 Yet full of humble faith, a little band
 Of holy men. There was *one* lacking there ;
 He who had knelt with them from day to day,
 Who taught their lips to breathe the hallowed prayer,
 Which now with sorrowing hearts they bent to say.

And where was He — their Master? He had gone
 Down to the quiet chambers of the dead,
 And gloom and silence wrapped, and rested on
 His form majestic, and his princely head.
 Now the third day was dawning: knew they not
 That on that day their prophet should arise,
 Had they so soon his promises forgot?
 Alas! the veil was yet upon their eyes.

A step was on the threshold, and a cry
 Of sudden gladness on their senses burst;
 And *Mary*, flushed and faint with haste and joy,
 Stood in their midst. Her feet had been the first
 To seek the tomb wherein her Saviour lay.
 She told, and they who heard were mute with awe,
 How she had found the "great stone rolled away,"
 And angels watching there; and how she saw,
 And spoke with him she sought, and mourned as dead,
 When she turned sorrowing from the empty tomb.
 Yet doubted they, till Jesus came and said:
 "My peace be with you," and dispelled the gloom
 Which grief had gathered round them; then they gave
 Praise to his name who won the victory
 O'er death and hell, and triumphed o'er the grave,
 Whose praise shall sound throughout Eternity.





COMFORT IN SORROW.

THERE comes to me at times a thought of heaven,
A thought too glorious to be expressed;
And I have thought that it was kindly given,
To soothe the grief and anguish of my breast,
When I have thought too mournfully of some,
Who have gone up to their eternal rest,
And reason was too weak alone to stem
The tide of natural sorrow which oppressed
My drooping spirit. Oh! it is a thought
Which overflows with comfort and delight
My heart and mind: it is a vision fraught
With loveliness celestial, glory bright,
And bliss immortal; there are harps of gold,
And palms of victory, and robes of white,
And seraph forms more radiant to behold
Than are the planets which illume our night.

And *they* are there, amid that saintly band!
That thought has dried the tears which sorrow shed,

And left a yearning for that blessed land,
 To which my cherished ones so early fled, —
 And Faith and Hope seem reaching out their hands,
 To lead me thither, and my heart hath grown
 Calm in its sadness ; while life's wasting sands
 Do promise rest ere many years be flown.

TO MY SISTER.

THE summer-time is coming
 With blossoms fresh and fair ;
 The music of the happy birds
 Rings sweetly on the air ;
 The earth is very beautiful,
 The winds are soft and free :
 But my heart can have no summer-time,
 Away from home and thee.

My steps have been upon the hills,
 And down beside the brook,
 Where violets are clustering
 In many a grassy nook ;
 I've rambled at the evening hour
 Beneath the cloudless skies,
 When silvery stars look down on earth
 Like angels' holy eyes.

The thoughts which came upon me then
I did not dare to speak,
For there was sadness at my heart,
Though smiles were on my cheek.

Oh! sweetly dawns the summer-time,
And beautiful is earth,
For nature holds a festival
With music and with mirth;
The birds have built their leafy nests,
And gladly hums the bee;
But a weary heart is in my breast,
It pines for home and thee.

A SPRING MELODY.

I HAVE heard the gentle voice of Spring —
She hath come to her old-time haunts,
And hillsides echo, and valleys ring
With the happy notes which she loves to sing,
O'er the birth of the first young plants.

The bare trees rustle their branches gay,
As they hear her pass along;
The blackbird tuneth his joyous lay,
And streamlets leap on their seaward way,
With a burst of merry song.

Spring hath come to our land again,
And she roameth wild and free ;
She stealeth away through the shadowy glen,
Or visiteth kindly the homes of men,
With her smiles and minstrelsy.

Spring hath come ; but she sheddeth tears
O'er many a new-made grave :
Of those she smiled on in other years —
Over their bosoms the young grass peers,
And the earliest flowers shall wave.

Spring hath come, and her smile is ours,
And her promise of lovely things ;
The soft sunshine, and the fragrant showers ;
But who shall gather the latest flowers
Which the beautiful Sibyl brings ?

We know that her smile is upon us now ;
But what of her parting lay ?
Ah ! that may be of the smiling brow,
And the blooming cheek in dust laid low
By the touch of swift decay.





TO ANNIE.

WHEN the light of the long bright summer day
In crimson blushes melts away ;
When stars gleam out with their eyes of love,
From the distant blue of the world above ;
When the birds have folded their pinions up,
And the wild-bee sleeps in the lily's cup ;
When your heart is thinking of other times,
And the voice of friends like the gentle chimes
Of distant bells o'er your memory steals,
And the yearning love of your heart reveals,—
Will you think of me ?

I ask it not ; there are friends more near,
Whom tenderest ties have made more dear ; —
I ask it not ; my path may lie
Far from the light of your smiling eye,
Or I may rest where, it matters not,
If I am remembered, or quite forgot ;
But I know, when your eye on the page shall rest,
Where linger the thoughts of a faithful breast,

Whatever my fate may be, or where
 I dwell, the name that is written there
 You will breathe, it may be tenderly,
 And wake from the urn of memory
 Some thought of me!

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

I WAS sitting in my chamber
 With my baby on my knee,
 And the music of an olden tune
 Was humming dreamily.
 I idly glanced toward my bed,
 A patchwork quilt was there,
 The work of girlhood's early days,
 Arranged with skilful care;
 The tears came gushing to my eyes,
 Their course I could not stay,
 While many a mile my heart went back
 Along life's devious way.

That quilt is made of memories
 Which with my growth have grown,
 Each piece is part of garment worn
 By some one I have known:

What tales of love and joy and grief
Are with the whole inwrought !
What portraits, and what histories,
Come crowding to my thought !

That azure robed my mother's form,
When I was but a child ;
Oh, how it brings my mother's face
Before me, calm and mild !
Her soft dark eyes, her raven hair,
Her forehead meek and fair,
Where even in her brightest hours
There lay a shade of care.
Years changed the raven locks to gray,
Her fair brow grew more pale,
And so she faded from our sight,
And went "within the veil."

And here are scraps of infant robes
A darling brother wore, —
The brave bright boy, who died so young ;
But I can sing no more ; —
All brighter memories are dimmed
With tears my eyes must shed,
And that old quilt has filled my heart
With yearnings for the dead.





NEVA.

WE met as strangers — little more
Than strangers are we yet;
But still it is a joy to me
That even thus we met.
I looked upon her as I would
Have looked on bird or flower,
Whose beauty charmed my mournful mood
With sweet resistless power.
Her motions were so full of grace,
So charming all her ways,
The modest beauty of her face
One half forgot to praise.
A few brief days she charmed my sight,
And o'er my spirit shed
A ray of calm delicious light,
Which with her presence fled.
We meet no more, but even yet
My heart is glad we ever met.



MARY LEA.

I MET in girlhood's early hours
A being young and bright ;
Her eyes were like pale azure flowers,
Just waked by heaven's warm light ;
And o'er her forehead meek and fair
Like sunshine lay her golden hair.

Her step was free, her heart was light,
As youthful hearts should be ;
There never was a day or night
Wherein she could not see
Some glimmering star, some rainbow warm,
To gild the darkness or the storm.

I've never seen another face
Which seemed so fair to me,
So full of girlish loveliness
And stainless purity ;
And later years have lent but few,
To call me friend, with heart so true.

Since last I saw her, years have flown,
And then she was a bride,
And he who claimed her for his own
Walked proudly by her side ;
I wondered not that he should wear
With pride, a gem so pure and fair.

They tell me that a change has passed,
Her cheek has lost its bloom,
And o'er her gladness has been cast
A shadow from the tomb,
Where she has laid from off her breast
Two babes — her only ones — to rest.

I know that she is lovely still,
Though changed her beauty be,
And years and grief will never chill
Her early love for me ;
And if her step be weak and slow,
And if her voice be faint and low,

Ere long the angels will unbar
The gates of that bright land,
Wherein her heart's sweet treasures are,
And with the angel-band
Around the throne, shall henceforth be
An earth-born angel — Mary Lea !



ANNIE'S MINIATURE.

I TOUCHED the spring, not guessing
What face should greet my eyes :
I gazed upon those features
With sorrowful surprise ;
And memories came thronging
Like shadows o'er my heart, —
The memories of pleasant scenes
In which she bore a part.

I thought how I had loved her,
When life to her was new ;
When to my heart her childish love
Was welcome as the dew ;
And of that cold estrangement,
A tide we could not stay,
Which swept, and kept, our hearts apart,
Through many a weary day.

I thought of our last meeting,
When first my spirit bowed
Beneath the heavy grief, which since
Has wrapped it like a shroud ;
I felt a warm hand's clasping,
I looked through blinding tears ;
And for a moment each forgot
The coldness kept for years.

That girlish form one moment
Was folded to my breast,
The lips I had so often kissed
To mine were warmly pressed ;
And then, and there, we parted
To meet again no more
Till I shall finish treading
The path she hastened o'er.

She is sleeping in the shadow
Of the tree which shadows him ;
For whose dear sake her eyes and mine,
That mournful day, were dim ;
And her memory is dearer
For the tears I saw her shed,
When I in bitter agony
Was mourning for the dead.





THE RAINBOW AT NIGHT.*

THE angels built their bridge last night
Of the pale moon's transparent beams,
And back and forth, in mystic flight,
Passed o'er the unseen streams.
We could not see them as they passed,
Their noiseless steps we could not hear,
But while we watched the silvery arch,
We knew that they were near.

We knew not what their errands were,
Knew not if life or death they brought,
Or only bore to minds, with care
Oppressed, release from thought.
Whate'er their task, 'twas quickly wrought,
The white bridge faded from our sight,
And looking upward, we saw nought
But moon and stars' soft light.

* It is an old superstition, that the rainbow is a bridge built by the angels, over which they pass from heaven to earth.



LILIAS AND I.

LILIAS is a lady fair,
Oh, how fair she is to me !
With her soft brown silky hair,
Lips whose bloom might tempt the bee,
And a pure, sweet face which glows
Like a fresh but pale-hued rose.

Her small hands are soft and white,
Never labor-soiled or sore,
Yet some graceful task and light
They are daily busied o'er ;
I am glad that hands so fair
Need no heavier labor share.

What if ruder tasks are mine, —
What if none can call me fair, —
Shall my foolish heart repine ?
Nay, though oft with toil and care
Burdened, it is good to be
Where, and as, God willeth me.

Sometimes this vain heart has thought
Proudly what I might have been ;
Now by wisdom better taught,
It rejects the thought as sin ;
For to every one his lot
Giveth God, who erreth not.

He hath given me a heart
Full of warm and tender thought ;
And I give to Lilies part —
Give what gold could not have bought,
To the soul whose thoughts I trace
On that fair and gentle face.

What if Lilies do not prize
Such an humble offering ;
Neither do the glowing skies,
Flowers that bloom, and birds that sing :
Yet I wish not to recall
Love that 's freely poured on all.

And if Lilies love not me,
'T will be nothing strange or new, —
Precious though her love would be,
For this heart has found but few
Where its loving thoughts might fall,
Knowing they were treasured, all.



TO MY BEREAVED BROTHER.

MY heart is sad, my brother !
How sad I cannot tell,
When I think of the shadow lying
Where sunshine lately fell ;
When I think of the sweet spring music,
Changed to the funeral knell.

Into my soul, dear brother !
Thy sorrow has entered deep ;
With my children playing round me,
I cannot help but weep, —
When I think of the pale young mother,
And her fair babes lying asleep ;

Asleep, with the young grass springing
Over each quiet breast ;
I do not weep when the weary
And care-worn are laid to rest ;

But, oh ! it is sad when the mated dove
Is torn from a pleasant nest !

Sad, when the household treasures
And hopes are snatched away,
When, instead of joyous faces,
We see the upturned clay,
With the grass-blades struggling through it
Up to the light of day !

This is a weak heart's moaning —
Too weak to comfort thine ;
Thy fervent faith upspringeth
On stronger wing than mine,
While thy lips are meekly kissing
The hand that prunes the vine.

For this I am glad, my brother !
Glad even while I mourn,
For I know thy sweet submission
Will meet a rich return,
And the balm of consolation
Will fill life's emptied urn.

Up to that lonely chamber
My sad thoughts follow thee ;
I know how thy heart will miss her,
Whose presence used to be
Thy household light — how it will yearn
For the face thou may'st not see.

I know that of all the voices
 Which daily greet thine ear,
 There is none will thrill thy bosom
 (Though friends be near and dear)
 Like hers, whose joyous carol
 Thou never on earth may'st hear.

But a higher, holier presence
 In that quiet room will be;
 And He who walked upon the waves
 Of stormy Galilee,
 Over the swelling waters
 Of thy grief will come to thee,
 With the sweet and faithful promise,
 "As thy day thy strength shall be."

AMONG STRANGERS.

I BOWED within the house of prayer,
 Unknowing and unknown;
 I think, of all who worshipped there,
 I felt the most alone;
 No other craved so earnestly
 The boon of Christian sympathy.

Bright eyes looked carelessly on me,
 And eyes familiar sought;

My heart throbbed still more painfully
For every glance I caught;
A tide of sadness o'er me swept,
And — it was weakness — but I wept.

Not freely, as I could have wept,
Could none have marked my grief;
My trembling eyelids crushed the tears
Which brought me no relief;
And while my eyes were moist and dim,
The choir commenced the morning-hymn :

“ My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name ; ” —
How sweetly to my troubled soul
The blest assurance came ;
Jehovah, present everywhere,
Beholds with pitying eye, my care.

The thought of by-gone Sabbath hours,
Of kindred far away,
Became less painful, though the tears
Still strove to force their way,
While that sweet song of Zion stole
Like healing balsam to my soul.





CHRISTMAS MORNING.

THE wind is out on the prairie,
The snow is falling fast,
And our frail, unsheltered dwelling
Is trembling in the blast.
I wake in the early morning,
Long ere the break of day, —
Wake, to watch for the dawning,
And think and weep and pray.

I think of the friends who love me,
Ah, me! how much I miss
My father and brother's greeting,
My mother and sister's kiss.
I think of the love they lavished
On me, through many a year;
And I know, though we are parted,
That their hearts are with me here.

I weep: ah! who can blame me
For shedding a few warm tears?
While I lean my aching forehead
On the grave of the buried years.

I know, in my father's dwelling
Some friends to-day will meet,
But, ah ! the family circle
Is broken and incomplete.

I know there are voices will falter,
I know there are eyes will weep,
For the sake of the one that is absent,
And one who has gone to sleep.
But the love of the great All-Father
Girdles us one and all,
And our hearts are nearer together
Than many who crowd one hall.

THE MORNING BREEZE.

IN from the dewy meadows,
In from the blossoming trees,
In from the sparkling waters,
Cometh the morning breeze ;
Bearing the odor of blossoms,
The songs of bird and bee ;
Light-winged, but heavily laden,
Cometh the breeze to me.

Breeze of the summer morning,
Thou bearest my thoughts away

Back to life's early dawning,
To childhood's joyous May, —
To fields all ruddy with clover,
To orchards heaped with bloom,
Where the dreamy air was burdened
With music and sweet perfume ; —

To springs from the hill-side gushing,
To banks where the laurel grew,
To meadows abounding in rushes
And violets of every hue ;
In fancy my feet are pressing
The paths where I used to stray,
And years with their weary lessons
Are swept for the time away.

Oh, breeze ! it is but for a moment,
The vision has vanished now,
But the touch of thy dewy pinions
Is soft to my aching brow ;
And the odor which floats from the lilacs,
And that by the balm-tree shed,
Steals into my heart like a blessing
Sent back from the years long fled.





THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

I LINGERED, one bright Sabbath day,
Within a churchyard's sacred bound,
To read on tombstones old and gray
Their names who slept beneath the ground.
I read of some who passed away
In early youth's delicious bloom,
And some who deemed it rest to lay
Their tottering limbs within the tomb.

But there was one, a nameless grave,
That touched me more than all beside, —
No lettered stone the history gave,
Of how or when the sleeper died ;
I knew not who was buried there,
But felt that it was precious dust, —
That there were some that name to wear,
With quenchless love and patient trust,
For o'er the spot a sweetbrier spread
A shade of scented leaves and flowers,
Whence softly on the grassy bed
The dewdrops fell in fragrant showers.

It was a pleasant thought to set
 So sweet a thing to blossom there,
 Which sheddeth, when its leaves are wet,
 Such balmy odors on the air!
 The willow and the cypress-tree
 A hue of deeper sadness wear,
 But that sweet shrub appears to me
 Remembrance, linked with hopeful prayer.

MOTHER.

OH, mother, how we miss thee!
 We miss thee night and day,
 We miss the loving smile that beamed
 Like sunlight on our way;
 Thy words of kind approval,
 The tender anxious care,
 Which ever girdled us at home,
 And reached us everywhere.

That tender care, my mother,
 How well thy daughter knew,
 Who left thee for a distant home,
 When thy sad days were few!
 How many a loving message
 Flowed from thy heart to me,
 While in that far off stranger land
 I lingered wearily.

And when my bright-eyed baby
Upon my bosom smiled,
Oh, how I wished my mother's eyes
Could look upon my child!
And I prayed our heavenly Father,
If so his will might be,
To let me go and lay my babe
Upon my mother's knee.

'T was not His will, dear mother!
For mournfully, to-day,
I am sitting in thy chamber,
And thou, thou art away.
The room is all unaltered,
But what a change is this, —
I came into my mother's room,
And met no welcome kiss.

My heart is yearning, mother,
Is yearning, but in vain,
To lay my head upon thy breast,
And hear thy voice again;
To meet thy dark eyes' radiant light
Turned lovingly on me, —
Alas! alas! my mother!
That this may never be!

They told me, gentle mother,
Where thy pale form was laid,

And thither in the morning light
 My trembling footsteps strayed ;
 Already o'er thy silent breast
 Spring's early offerings bloom :
 Alas ! alas ! my mother !
 I came to greet — thy tomb.

MY EARLY HOME.

OH, the flowers, the beautiful flowers,
 Which garnished the home of my childhood's
 hours :

Crimson roses, and lilies white,
 Four-o'clocks, with their blossoms bright ;
 Morning-glories of varied hue,
 Purple and pink, and delicate blue ;
 And violets sweet, whose dewy eyes
 Had borrowed the hue of the April skies.

There was an orchard, with clouds of bloom,
 A clover-field breathing rich perfume ;
 And just beyond, the forest dim,
 Where the wild winds chanted their solemn hymn,
 And glad birds sang, and squirrels played,
 Fearless and free in the quiet shade.

From rugged uplands far away —
Farther than childish feet might stray —
A little streamlet danced along,
Singing a wild and pleasant song ;
Through the meadows, around the hill,
Away to the stream that turned the mill,
The brook kept ever upon its way,
Joyous and bright as a child at play.

Happy and bright were the summer hours
Passed in the midst of those woodland bowers ;
Pleasant and bright is their memory still,
It sweeps through my heart with a sudden thrill,
Like the startling rush of a wild-bird's wing,
Like the bursting forth of a hidden spring ;

And the present hour, with its hopes and fears —
The lessons and trials of recent years —
Are gone, and my childish days come back :
I am walking again in some well-known track,
Lingering by mossy bank or spring,
Singing some song which I used to sing,
Or dreaming over the early dreams,
Which long ago yielded to graver themes.

A little while, and my heart awakes,
Like rested pilgrim, who, rising, takes

His burden up and goes his way,
 Strengthened to travel another day,
 And weaves his thoughts, as he walks along,
 Into a pleasant and cheerful song.

Looking back from life's dusty ways,
 Toward the home of my early days,
 I bless His love who placed me there,
 Away from the great world's bustle and care,—
 In the "pastures green," by the waters bright,
 Till my soul was filled with the beauty and light
 Of the fair green earth and glowing skies,
 A light and a beauty which never dies.

HALF-WAY HOME.

MANY and many a time
 My soul has grown tired of the "battle of
 life,"
 Tired of the burden, and tired of the strife,
 And I longed to lay the burden down :
 Spirit and frame cried out for rest —
 But a far-off glimpse of a golden crown
 And stainless robes, revived my breast,
 And the promise of God hath solaced me, —
 "As thy day is, so thy strength shall be."

Half of the journey is past,

Half of the "three-score years and ten ;"

The shadows begin to lengthen fast :

And it seemeth long since the morning, when

My step was lighter than it is now,

When there was not a care-line upon my brow,

Nor a silver thread my locks among, —

It was long ago — I am no more young.

I have known sorrow and care :

Days I have seen when the light was dim :

Nights, when my soul, through a thicker gloom

Than midnight darkness, cried to Him

Who heareth always. Youth's warm bloom

Is past, and I would not now recall

The happiest day I ever knew, —

Each cup of bliss had a dash of gall ;

And for every trial I've struggled through

There lies one less 'twixt me and the last :

After a while they will all be past.

Time knoweth no delay :

Morning has deepened into noon ;

The noonday hour will have vanished soon ;

But I am treading the homeward way, —

The path may be rough, and dark the day,

But, with my Father's house in sight,

At evening time there shall be light



TO LITTLE ETTIE'S PARENTS.

HAS it drooped — the tender blossom
Cherished with such loving pride?
Has the lamb, which in your bosoms
You have nursed so fondly, died?
Nay! the flower is but transplanted
To a fairer bower above;
Nay! the little lamb was wanted
In the Shepherd's fold of love.

Never say your flower has faded, —
Never say your darling died, —
Though your household light is shaded,
Though your hearts are sorely tried.
You may yet have days of mourning;
Never sigh shall heave her breast,
While she waiteth for your coming,
In a home of peace and rest.

She was lovely, and you loved her;
There is One who loved her more.

Heaven-bound pilgrims! can you murmur
That your child has gone before?
Did you not in rite baptismal
Give the little one to God?
Prayed ye not that He would lead her
In the way her Saviour trod?
Lo! your prayer is more than answered,
Rugged paths did Jesus tread;
But He took her to his bosom
While you prayed she might be led.

Ye had asked for grace to guide her,
Now she needeth not your care,
Dwelling in the Saviour's presence:—
Thus our Father answers prayer.
When we cannot read His purpose,
As He lays our hopes in dust,
Let us say, "It is our Father:
Where we see not we can *trust!*"

Patience, friends! we see but dimly—
Oh, how dimly here below!
What He doeth, now we know not,
But hereafter we shall know.
Bowing in His glorious presence,
Knowing e'en as ye are known;
You with thankful hearts shall praise Him,
Who so early claimed his own.



WASTED HOURS.

THE hours which we have wasted, what a throng
Of witnesses around the Eternal Throne
Await our coming! Evidence so strong
Of our delinquency, they might alone
Write out our condemnation, did not Love
And Mercy plead the culprit's cause above.

The wasted hours, how noiselessly they flow!
Scarce do we note them, but their voice is loud
In that far unseen land to which they go;
And there they wait, a stern unwavering crowd,
To testify against us, while the stain
Of our misdeeds doth fresh on each remain.

The wasted hours! these are the ghosts which scare
In night's dim season the unsettled brain
With dreams of spectral forms, which seem to wear
The livery of those who long have lain
Within the mouldy chambers of the dead,
And fill the trembling soul with awe and dread.



TO ONE WHO IS 'HALTING BETWEEN
TWO OPINIONS.'

O H, cast not thou thy faith away !
That faith which is the 'lamp of life,'
Else lost in darkness thou shalt stray

Through scenes with many dangers rife,
Like one who, on a starless night,
Gropes on his way, rejecting light.

Oh, never cast away thy faith !

The soldier on the battle-field,
Who, madly, in the face of death,
Throws off his armor, sword, and shield,
Is not so rash as he who flings
Contempt and scorn on holy things.

And what has Infidelity

To offer for the trust it takes ?
A hope, whereon who leans shall be
Deceived, betrayed, — a staff which breaks
In that dread hour, when o'er the soul
Death's terrors like an ocean roll.

Oh! trust it not; but cast away
 All hope, all trust, save that which clings
 To Christ, the 'true and living way;' —
 That trust which peace and comfort brings,
 And leads the wearied soul to rest
 Upon the loving Saviour's breast.

How couldst thou scorn the holy trust
 In which thy mother lived and died?
 Her form is sleeping in the dust,
 Her voice no more may warn or guide;
 But, as to shield thy life from ill,
 Her memory lingers with thee still.

The memory of her tender care,
 Her earnest love, abides with thee,
 Her voice, as in the tones of prayer,
 Breathes in the ear of memory.
 Oh! turn not from that voice away,
 But as she taught thee, kneel and pray.

Yes, pray! and from thy darkened soul
 The midnight gloom shall pass away,
 The mist of doubt shall backward roll,
 And in the light of heavenly day
 Thy heart's rejoicing cry shall be:
 "I once was blind, but now I see."



‘HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.’

[*Psalm cxxvii. 2.*]

HE giveth his beloved sleep :
Oh, wherefore put the gift away ?
Why wake to study, toil, or weep,
When He has closed the busy day ;
And from our eyes shut out the light
With the dim curtains of the night ?

He giveth sleep ! Oh, let us take
The gift with thankful hearts, and be
Refreshed and strengthened ; wherefore wake,
Toil-worn and care-consumed, when He,
Who never slumbers, wakes, to keep
Watch over his beloved’s sleep ?

He giveth his beloved sleep,
When weary eyelids softly close
O’er eyes which nevermore shall weep
For earthly cares, or earthly woes ;
While on the soul’s enraptured sight
Dawns the eternal morning light !



THOUGHTS.

OH, how little we truly know
Of friends and neighbors ; they come and go,
Daily and hourly we meet and part,
But there is a veil on every heart ;
We cannot see, and we do not know
The joys or sorrows which lie below.

Many a struggle these hearts have known —
Struggles witnessed by God alone ;
Many a sorrow has lived and died,
Carefully screened from the world outside —
Screened from even a brother's eyes,
Lest, while he pitied, he might despise ;
Sorrows which died in a blessed calm,
When the Healer poured in oil and balm.

Thus do we hide both joy and grief,
Hiding too often the sweet belief,
Which maketh our lot less hard to bear,
And keepeth our souls from dark despair ;

Fearing to speak of our own sweet trust,
Lest our brother's heart be dim with dust.

There is a man with whitened hair
Whom oft we see in the house of prayer ;
It needeth no seer to tell that he
Is wearing a sorrow silently,
With one brave boy on the field of strife,
And another wasting his bright young life.

Turning aside from the way of truth, —
But which of us speaks to the erring youth,
Patiently striving day by day,
To win back one who has gone astray ?
Which of us breathes in the old man's ear
A word of sympathy, hope and cheer ?

Oh, there are souls in our midst to-day,
For which we have failed to watch and pray :
Souls, whom we well may dread to meet,
When we stand before God's judgment-seat ;
Souls, who might say, " You saw us go
In the downward path to death and woe, —
Saw us wasting God's holy day
As gravely you walked on your churchward way ;
But none of you said, as a Christian should,
' Come with us, brother ! we'll do you good.' "
Ah, 'tis a fearfully solemn thought,
(When will we ponder it as we ought ?)

That not to ourselves we live or die,
 That every day, as it glideth by,
 Leaveth our impress for good or ill,
 On hearts which we either cheer or chill.
 Could we but know what depths are stirr'd
 By a careless look, or a thoughtless word,
 How would we watch these little things,
 Which enter the heart like venom'd stings!
 How would we pray for grace and light,
 To think, to feel, and to act aright!

‘SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.’

NOT dead! oh, say not she is dead,
 That word hath such a mournful sound;
 Her radiant soul hath only spread
 Its wings, in search of holier ground,
 And left to cold and silent sleep
 The faded shrine o’er which we weep.

She is not dead: it is not death,
 When heaven-bound spirits leave their clay,
 As yields the rose its fragrant breath,
 When evening zephyrs round it play;
 Or lingering starlight dies away,
 Amid the rosy flush of day.

She is not dead ; we have consigned
To earth's cold breast a lovely form,
That for a little season shrined
A spirit joyous, frank, and warm :
A spirit which has gone above
To dwell with Him whose name is Love.

We know she is not dead ; but still
Upon our hearts a shadow lies ;
We miss (and, oh ! we ever will)
The sunshine of her lips and eyes,
The loving smile which gave her face
Its eloquent and winning grace !

And yet how selfish is the love
That would have held her lingering here !
A stricken flower, a wearied dove,
Too fragile for our stormy sphere, —
When that which we call death, has brought
The peace and rest our dear one sought ;
To the wan flower eternal spring,
Strength to the weak bird's drooping wing.





‘AS THY DAY, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH
BE.’

AS thy day, thy strength shall be!
Fearful trembler, doubt it not;
God, who stoops to care for thee,
Never yet his word forgot.
He hath promised thee and me,
‘As thy day, thy strength shall be.’

Clouds are darkening o’er the sky,
Angry waters round thee foam,
Heavenward lift thy drooping eye,
Struggle on toward thy home;
Shrink not from the swelling sea,
‘As thy day, thy strength shall be.’

Promise of a faithful God,
Like a tower of strength art thou;

When beneath the afflicting rod,
Weak and worn with pain we bow,
To this word we gladly flee,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'

MY SOLDIER LOVE.*

I.

OH! where art thou, my soldier love?
The rain is dripping heavily,
The evening shades are closing in,
The children gather round my knee,
And merrily their voices ring,
But I am lonely, missing thee!

II.

Oh! where art thou, my soldier love?
The little ones are gone to rest,
All but the youngest, darling dove,
Who slumbers lightly on my breast.
If thou wert here, thy good-night kiss
Would on her cheek be softly pressed.

* The first three stanzas were written in May, 1865; the concluding one, in September, of the same year.

III.

Oh! where art thou, my soldier love?
 The pale moon climbs the midnight sky, —
 Upon the woody hill above
 Our lowly home, the cool winds sigh,
 They win an answering sigh from me,
 I am so lonely, missing thee!

IV.

My soldier love! my soldier love!
 I need no longer question now, —
 I've seen the damp earth heaped above
 Thy pulseless breast, thy faded brow,
 And henceforth my sad heart must be
 Forever lonely, missing thee!

THE HEART'S QUESTION.

SHALL I know thee again in the happy land,
 Thou who hast passed to that brighter sphere?
 Wilt thou meet me there with the clasping hand,
 And the loving smile which was thine while here;
 Or is the hope of my spirit vain,
 That, knowing and known, we shall meet again?

Shall I know thee again? or will Heaven's light
Have rendered thy beauty too purely bright,
For one who knew thee on earth to trace
In the dazzling lines of thy seraph face,
The beauty which mortals said was thine,
When thy soul was lodged in its earthly shrine?

Shall I know thy voice in the solemn song,
That floats from the lips of the seraph throng?
Wilt thou remember the gentle name
We called thee by: is it still the same?
Or bearest thou one to the angels known,
Which they can utter, and they alone?

Vain and light are these words of mine,
If thou in beauty immortal shine;
Not through the eye of mortality,
Dazzled and dim, shall I look on thee;
Not as a mortal would trembling gaze
On a being enveloped in glory's blaze.

The love that hath made my heart an urn,
Filled with sweet thoughts of thee, shall know
(Though cloudless glory around thee burn)

A being so dear when we dwelt below.
And thou wilt meet me with joy and love,
And welcome me to thy home above!



ELEGIAC LINES.

THEY should have laid thee in some shady dell,
Where the green leaves might whisper overhead,
And the blue violets thou didst love so well,
And pale anemone, might bloom, and spread
Their blossoms o'er thee,— where no foot might tread
But that of the true-hearted, — where no eye
Might gaze, which had not sorrowfully shed
Sad tears for one so early called to die!
When morning sunshine gladdens earth and sky,
It would have been so sweet to linger there,
While every blossom breathed a fragrant sigh,
And dreamy music filled the scented air.
I could have fancied that thy spirit came,
And stooped to hold communion there with mine,
That, while I pressed the rose's lip of flame,
Or the pale-blossomed odorous eglantine,
Thy breath was on them. Every flower a shrine
Of pure and tender memories should be; —

But vain these fancies! no such grave is thine;
There bends above thee no green rustling tree,
Or odorous shrub; above thee only falls
The cold gray shadow of the churchyard walls.

AFTER AWHILE.

(Written in April, 1863.)

AFTER awhile there will be green leaves spreading
A shady covering on boughs now bare;
After awhile, sweet blossoms will be shedding
Their balmy odors on the summer air.
After awhile, where the young grass is springing,
Bright buttercups and violets will be found,
And sweet arbutus, to the brown earth clinging,
Will send up fragrant breathings from the ground.

After awhile, from orchards blossom-laden
The oriole will pour his joyous song;
And in her woody haunt, like love-lorn maiden,
The dove will be complaining all day long.
After awhile, the earth will smile as gladly
As e'er it smiled, beneath the sky of May;
But 'midst the joy of nature, oh! how sadly
Fond hearts will pine for loved ones passed away!

After awhile, where rang the sound of battle
Along the river-side, from hill to hill,
All will be hushed, — no musket's deadly rattle,
No cannon's roar, — 'twill all be calm and still.
The earth will hide, the tender grass will cover
The forms, whose place at home will henceforth be
So desolate: the maid will mourn her lover,
The mother, him she dandled on her knee.

The widow's heart will evermore be yearning
To meet the smile that gladdens her no more;
The child, still hoping for its sire's returning,
Will often linger, watching, by the door —
But watch in vain. Ah, me! my heart is aching,
And bitter tears come gushing to my eyes;
Such mournful thoughts the opening spring awakens,
There is a shadow on the April skies;
Clouds dim the sunshine, undertones of sadness
Are heard in every song of victory.
We raise the voice of thankfulness and gladness
For every triumph gained by land or sea;
Praise to our God, whose hand is overturning
Their wicked plans who have his laws defied!
But with each pæan blends the sigh of mourning
For men who bravely fought and nobly died.

God help us in this time of heavy trial!
Upon our lips is pressed a bitter cup;

We tread the thorny path of self-denial —
 But dare we grudge to yield our treasures up?
 Nay; for the cause is His, by whose appointment
 Kings rule, and princes justice do decree.
 Father! this thought is like a healing ointment
 To wounded hearts — we give them up to *Thee*;
 Thine are they all — sons, brothers, and possessions,
 We give them up in humble trust that Thou
 Wilt give our land a harvest-time of blessing,
 From precious seed, that's sown with weeping now.

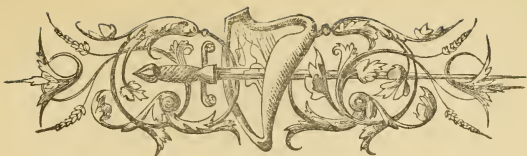
HIDDEN AWAY.

HIDDEN away! — hidden away!
 Under the snow-wreaths under the clay
 Lieth a treasure pure and fair:—
 Many another is buried there;
 Many a heart like mine is sad,
 Missing its treasure, the best it had:
 But when the wild winds moan and rave,
 Whirling the snow over many a grave,
 Only by *one* my sad thoughts stay,—
 One where the snow hides the fresh-turned clay,
 One than all others more dark and cold—
 For it wraps my own in its narrow fold.

Never a flower has lifted there
Its dewy lips to the balmy air ;
Never a grass-blade struggled through
The crushing clods to the light and dew ;
But all is dreary, dark, and chill,
As the heart, love's tones have ceased to thrill ;
For it is only a little while
Since I was gladdened by voice and smile, —
Voice that was music, smile that was light,
Both are lost in the grave's dim night.

Fair was the form that is folded away
Under the snow-wreaths, under the clay :
But it was only the mortal shrine
Of the heaven-born spirit whose love was mine.
Spirit, made perfect in glory now,
There falls to-day on my care-worn brow
A gleam from the light which circles thine,
I may not murmur, I may not pine.
Lonely as I must henceforth be,
Treading the life-path, missing thee,
I may not murmur ; for thou art blest
In the presence of Him who loves thee best.





JENNIE.

WE bade her welcome as a bride,
When April skies were warm and bright ;
And in the tender April-tide
She faded from our sight.
And in our bosom sadly stays
The thought of those two April days.

Blow soft, ye south-winds, where she lies,
Bear thither on your fragrant wing
The treasures of the April skies ;
And when June roses fling
Their precious odors on the air,
Gather and shed them softly there —

There, where the fair young mother rests,
The mother and her infants three ;
Who never pressed their mother's breast,
Or slumbered on her knee.
Sweet babes ! from life's untasted cup,
They turned away, and soaring up
To Heaven's bright gates, were welcomed in,
Unscathed by care, unsoiled by sin.



A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM CRAWFORD, 100th REGT., P.V.

SOFTLY we speak of our sorrow ;
Others have suffered as well,
Many a son and brother
That day in the battle fell ; —
Many a sister is mourning,
Many a lone mother weeps ;
The more that their eyes may never
See where the loved one sleeps.

Thousands as noble have fallen ;
Thousands, — but he was our own !
Nor does it soften our anguish
To know that he fell not alone.
We are acquainted with sorrow,
We have been smitten before,
Have kissed the pale brow of a brother,
Whose love may not gladden us more ;

But now is this comfort denied us,
To look on the face of our dead,
Shrouded and confined to lay him
Away in his last quiet bed.

Oh, ill-fated field of Manassas!
Twice dyed in the blood of the brave;
Thither our sad hearts are turning,
For there found our brother a grave.
We know not the spot where they laid him,
Unmarked is the place of his rest,
And rude feet will carelessly trample
The sods that lie over his breast.

But far above earth and its trials,
We know that his spirit has flown,
And we think of him bending in rapture,
With angels and saints round the Throne.
In life he was earnest and faithful
Alike to his country and God,
And we know that it ended in glory,
The path he so manfully trod:
And this is a balm for our sorrow,
We mourn, but still hopefully pray,
That, like him, we all may be ready
Whenever death calls us away.





STOLEN TREASURES.

PASSING, passing hour by hour,
Now in sunshine, now in shower ;
Slowly, softly, day by day,
Stealeth Time our lives away.
Time ! when I was blithe and young,
Ere my heart by grief was wrung,
I had treasures fair and bright,
Thou hast borne them out of sight ;
I will tell thee what they were,
Wilt thou tell me where they are ?

I had curls of glossy brown
O'er my shoulders floating down ;
There are threads of silver now
In the locks which shade my brow ;
Then my steps were light and free,
Now I walk so wearily ;

Then my voice was clear and strong,
Ringing out in many a song ;
Now its tones are low and sad,
Not the tones which once it had.

Ah ! if only these were all
Thou hadst borne beyond recall !
Three young brothers, strong and fair,
Bright-eyed boys with shining hair,
Shared with me life's early mirth,
Evenings by the household hearth ;
Summer days, when glad and free,
Through the woodlands rambled we ;
Oh, what treasures found we there !
Ripe wild fruits and blossoms fair ;
And our feet would lingering stray
Where the cool green mosses lay.

Time has sped, and death has wrought, —
Sad the changes they have brought,
For the youngest of our band
Fell beneath the spoiler's hand,
And the cold insatiate tomb
Hides his manhood's early bloom.

Then a mother's love was mine,
Clasping round me like a vine,
Striving with her earnest prayers
Me to shield from grief and cares ;

Now my mother lies at rest,
 With the sod above her breast,
 And a mother's smile shall be,
 Never more awaked for me.

Never more? Ah, spoiler, nay!
 Thou canst bear our youth away,
 Rob our cheeks of healthy bloom,
 Lay our idols in the tomb;
 But thou canst not keep them there,
 Here is balm for every care:
 Death may smite, and time may fly,
 Time shall cease, and death shall die;
 But the treasures which they bore
 To the unseen, far-off shore,
 Through our loving Saviour's care
 Shall be ours forever there.

MARY ANNE.

THERE is a name of gentle sound,
 Whose echoes warble through my heart,
 And pleasant memories abound,
 In which that precious name has part, —
 That name is thine, my sister, friend,
 If any dearer names there be,

I all in one would fondly blend,
And by that name would think of thee.
Sweet sister! since my early years,
Such love for thee hath filled my soul,
I've parted from thee but with tears,
And grief that mocked at self-control.
But when we meet, oh, that is bliss —
My heart forgets that it is sad;
A sister's loving smile and kiss
Make even the care-worn spirit glad.

THOUGHTS.

THERE are beautiful thoughts which come and go
Like the dawn of day, like the sunset glow;
They haunt our hearts, but we seek in vain
To breathe them in words; the loftiest strain
The poet sings, is nought to him
But a feeble echo, a shadow dim
Of the music and light which warm his soul —
Oh! if he could but breathe the whole!
His song is thrilling in many a breast,
But he thinks his voiceless thoughts the best.

Thoughts of charity, thoughts of love,
Soft as the wing of the brooding dove,

Oh ! how softly they flutter in,
Covering gently a brother's sin —
Quietly stirring up thoughts of prayer,
Planning how we may help to bear
The burden our weary brother bears,
How we may lighten his many cares —
How we may lead some erring youth
Tenderly into the way of truth ;
But ah ! sweet thoughts ! it is sad to know
How often you pass like the evening glow ;
The sky grows dark, and the heart grows cold,
We go on our way as they went of old,
Who, passing ' by on the other side,
Some in coldness and some in pride,
Offered no help to him who lay
Wounded and faint beside the way.'

Sorrowful thoughts they come and stay,
Vexing our spirits day by day ;
Casting their shadow on all we see,
Filling our souls with perplexity ;
Shutting the joyous sunshine out,
Veiling our hearts with fear and doubt,
Till the voice which calmed the stormy sea,
Speaks to our souls, and the shadows flee.

Glorious thoughts all warm and bright,
Gleams sent down from the land of light,

How do they cheer our earthly way,
Turning our darkness into day!
Thoughts of Him whose name is Love,
Thoughts of heaven, our rest above;
Thoughts of loved ones dwelling there,
Thoughts of joys we soon shall share —
Glorious thoughts, serene and pure! —
These are the thoughts which shall endure.
Beautiful thoughts may pass away
Like morning mist on a summer day;
Sorrowful thoughts will have no place
Where tears are wiped from every face;
But the glory begun on earth shall be
Perfected in Eternity!

EARTH'S ANGELS.

WE meet with angels now and then,
Along life's dull and toilsome way,
Oh! if we only knew it when
They come, that we might bid them stay, —
Might hold them with a firmer hand,
Might breathe the words we dare not speak
In ears which might not understand;
But we are ignorant and weak,
And only see, when looking back,
Where the good angels crossed our track.

Not clothed in white, with shining wings,
 They burst upon our wondering gaze ;
 We see no harp with golden strings,
 We listen to no seraph lays ;
 We feel the clasp of friendly hands,
 The light of loving eyes we meet,
 But seldom think an angel stands
 Beside us, in life's dust and heat.
 The hand unclasped, the smile withdrawn,
 We see it all when they are gone.

MEMENTOES.

THE thoughts of a loving heart
 Poured in a gush of song,
 And a shining curl of soft brown hair,
 Still bright, though kept so long.
 Relics of by-gone days,
 What are they now to me ?
 I look through memory's golden haze,
 And this is what I see :

A form of manly grace,
 A fair unshadowed brow, —
 The radiant light of that young face
 Seems beaming on me now.

The fair brow never grew old,
Nor the bright locks changed their hue;
But the loving heart grew still and cold,
While yet its years were few.
The angels opened the gates of gold,
And the radiant soul went through —
Through to the land of peace,
Into the light of day,
Where the cares of life forever cease,
And tears are wiped away.

DAY AFTER DAY.

THE sun comes up in the morning,
And the sun goes down at night;
The stars come out at eventide,
And pale in the morning light.
The days keep coming and going,
Just as they did of old —
Just as they will in coming years,
After our hearts are cold.

Many a time I have wondered,
Thinking how it would be,
The long bright days, and the quiet nights,
And no one thinking of me, —

No one watching and waiting,
 No one breathing my name, —
 The days still coming and going,
 Ever and ever the same.

I know I shall be forgotten :
 For those who love me now
 Will lie as low, and the grass will grow
 Over buried breast and brow ;
 The sun will come up in the morning,
 The sun will go down at night,
 We shall not care for his shining,
 We shall not miss his light.

Neither the light nor the shadow
 Will waken us from our sleep ;
 But the Eye that never slumbers
 Over us watch will keep.
 The sun will come up in the morning,
 The sun will go down at night,
 The stars will glitter above us,
 And we shall not see their light.
 The thought is strange and solemn —
 Strange, though it is not new ;
 The world will be busy as ever,
 With nothing for us to do.

Ah, well, if the night is coming,
 Let us be busy to-day,

The weakest hand among us
May plant a seed by the way —
A seed which the earth will nourish
Till it comes to be a tree,
In whose cool shadow men will rest,
In summers yet to be.
And some one, rested and strengthened
Under its shade, may say:
“Some one who walked here years ago,
Has planted a tree by the way.”
And so he may be encouraged
To do some deed of love,
Something to help his fellow-man,
And honor his Father above.

SHADOWS.

THERE were shadows in the morning,
When the grass was wet with dew,
But the clouds were white and fleecy,
And the sunshine melted through.
So they scarcely checked my singing,
Hindered not my childish play;
Fleecy clouds and childish sorrows
Pass so rapidly away.

Shadows veiled the noonday brightness,
Sudden was the storm and wild,

Shutting out the blessed sunshine
From earth's stricken mourning child.
Then I groped among the shadows,
Wrapping all my thoughts in gloom,
Blindly groping in the darkness,
Ever stumbling at the tomb, —
At the tomb where lay my treasure,
Snatched so suddenly away.
Oh, how thick and dark the shadows!
Oh, how cold and bleak the day!
Yet through all the clouds a sunbeam
Came to light my darkened way.

Still the shadows have not vanished;
Only on my path is shed
Light, to show where I am going;
Step by step I softly tread,
While the light is on my pathway,
And the clouds are overhead.
What if yet the shadows deepen,
As the evening time draws near;
Just beyond earth's latest sunset
There are skies forever clear.
In their light shall be unfolded
All that seems mysterious here.



AN APRIL SONG.

THE grass is springing everywhere,
The trees are budding all the same,
As in the Aprils bright and fair,
Before my sorrow came.
The swallow builds beneath the eaves,
Upon the fence the bluebird sings,
The dove within the woodland grieves,
As in the by-gone springs.

The sounds of labor and of play
Are mingling on the quiet air ;
The brook goes singing on its way,
Through meadows green and fair ;
Along its edges violets grow,
And children pluck them, as of old ;
The willow-branches are aglow
With blended green and gold.

Whatever beauty April brought
In other years, she offers now, —
And shall I yield to gloomy thought,
And wear a saddened brow?
Nay! I am glad that it is so,
That human sorrow cannot mar
Earth's beauty, shade the sun-light's glow,
Or dim a single star.

A vacant seat is at my hearth,
A smitten form is by my side, —
Alas, for boyhood's shadowed mirth,
A mother's blighted pride!
And yet I know that it is well,
That love supreme is over all,
Alike when April's leaf-buds swell,
And when the snow-flakes fall.
So, through these quiet peaceful days,
My grief-worn heart essays to rest,
Committing all my times and ways
To Him who knoweth best.





MY WORK.

SEND me, and I will go,
To bear thy message into heathen lands,"
Thus cried my heart. The Master answered, "No,
Not such the work which waits thy willing hands,
Yet there is work which all thy strength demands."

My fingers grasped the pen.

"Then will I write, and tell the world of Thee."
He let me try, too gentle to condemn
My hasty zeal, but led me soon to see
That this was not the work assigned to me.

I dropped the pen and sighed :

"What is it, Lord? What wouldst thou have me
do?"

He bade me look, and lo ! on every side
Some care, some duty rose to meet my view,
And yet among them all was nothing new ;

But duties which my heart

Had often shrank from, craving something higher.
"Herein," He said, "do faithfully thy part,
And thou shalt truly have thy heart's desire."

And joyfully I said,

“Thy will be done ;” then every service grew
Holy and beautiful ; and when the shade
Of sorrow settled over me, I knew
That patient suffering served my Master too.

TO MY BROTHER, J. P. KNOX.

MY brother! faithful, kind, and true,
Companion of my infant days,
Accept a tribute earlier due, —

For though remembered in the lays
In which I sang the days of yore,
Thy worth and earnest truth claim more.

Bound to my heart by links so strong,
That time and distance cannot break,
Thy name should grace as warm a song
As this frail faltering hand can wake ;
But, ah ! since last we parted, few
Have been my songs, and mournful too.

Sojourning in a stranger land,

My heart goes back to those glad hours,
When, blithely wandering hand in hand,

We chased the bees, and plucked the flowers --
Around our home, that Eden spot,
Which we have never once forgot.

And from that spot I walk with thee

On through the lapse of changeful years,
When thou wast ever near to me,

To share my hopes, and joys, and fears ;
Or when the rambler's part you tried,

And left a while your sister's side,
How gladly did I welcome back,

Whene'er you trod the 'homeward track.'

And since the wanderer's path is mine,

And far from thee my lot is cast,

Thy eyes with loving radiance shine

Upon me from the distant past,

While many a pleasant thought of thee

Comes floating over memory's sea.

And oft beside the cheerful hearth,

When twilight shadows fill the room,

And the light tones of infant mirth

Ring gladly through the gathering gloom,

Bright visions of our infancy

Come, like old friends, to sit with me ;

And then to one who loves to hear
 The simple tales I love to tell,
 I breathe those memories warm and dear,
 Which in my heart's recesses dwell,
 And loving thoughts and wishes blend
 When thou art named our Brother, Friend!

ROSALINE.

SOFT lay the rosy evening light
 Upon the vine-clad hills of Spain,
 And every steep and verdant height
 Was bright with its impurpling stain, —
 When through a city's crowded streets
 A lovely stranger passed alone.
 Way-worn and weary were her feet;
 But, all unknowing and unknown —
 From square to square she passed along,
 Chanting a wild and plaintive song —
 While many paused, her song to hear,
 But more to scan the maiden's gear,
 So novel was her garb. She wore
 The peasant dress of Italy;
 But on her neck and arms she bore
 A wealth of brilliant jewelry.

Her soft unbraided hair was rolled
Around a comb of gems and gold,
And here and there a glossy curl
Burst from its clasp of gold and pearl.
She had a strange, sweet gift; she sung:
And words came crowding to her tongue,
Like ripples on a streamlet's breast,
When breezes break its wonted rest.

THE SONG.

“No mother's love was ever mine;
Upon my birth no father smiled;
I passed through childhood's summer-time
A hopeless, joyless, friendless child.
I was not like the few who tried
To make their home a home for me —
They told me that my mother died
Ere she her helpless babe might see;
And I was left alone on earth
Even at the moment of my birth.
Would, since she died, they had not learned
The name that made my life unblest,
I might have borne their own, nor spurned
Their lowly life; but in my breast
They woke high thoughts and passions strong,
Resistless as the power of song.
They said she was a lady fair,

Born of a brave and noble line ;
They kept the gems she used to wear,
For me ; the name she bore is mine —
And I have sought her native shore,
And been a wanderer in the land ;
I've breathed that dear name o'er and o'er,
But vainly, for alone I stand,
A stranger in the land which gave
Her birth, who found a foreign grave."

There stepped a man of lordly mien
And graceful bearing from the crowd,
As, doing homage to a queen,
Before that lovely girl he bowed,
And asked that precious name to know.
Her voice was soft and very low
As trembling, hope and fear between :
"She was the Lady Rosaline
De Montalina." Sudden light
Flashed o'er the visage of the knight.
"The gems," he said ; "now if there be
A diamond ring." He took her hand :
Upon it glittered diamonds three,
Linked by a single golden band.
"It is the ring ! the same !" he cried,
"I gave to her my lovely bride.
And thou, sweet Rosaline, thou art
The daughter of my lonely heart.

The child whom I had never seen,
Nor hoped to see, my Rosaline!"

Then told the knight a fearful tale
Of storm and shipwreck,—of a night
When brave men's cheeks were strangely pale,
And woman's heart was faint with fright;
A night when life's delicious light
Grew in an instant pale and dim;
When from his grasp and from his sight,
The wild waves bore his lady bright,

While wailed the storm her funeral hymn.
"Since that dread night," he said, "I've been
A mourner for my Rosaline.
Thy song in part reveals the rest;
Yet tell me more." He fondly pressed
His daughter to his thankful breast,
And led her from the crowd; and then
Told she her story o'er again:
How those who nurtured her had said,
They found a lady, well-nigh dead
With cold and fear, upon the beach,
Washed almost past the billows' reach.
They bore her to their cot, and there
She lived to bless them for their care
And tell her name and rank. She died,
And in her dying hour she sighed:
"Good people, ye are kind to me,
Kind in this hour of agony;

Friends to the new-born orphan be,
And call her Rosaline." They kept
Her wishes sacred. "I have wept,"
She said, "to think that I could prove
Ungrateful for their tender love;
But, like a bird upon the wing,
My heart hath been a restless thing;
It ever longed for home, for Spain,—
I proudly called that land my own,—
And with a wild fond hope I came,
A stranger, fearless, though alone,
And hope to joy has changed at last,—
Fear, danger, suffering, all are past."





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